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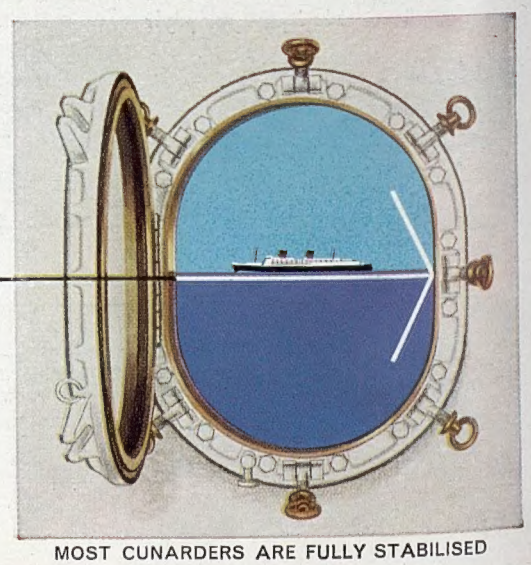

MOST CUNARDERS ARE FULLY STABILISED

Volume CCXLVI No. 3197

THE SPHERE

LONDON, September 9, 1961

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NEUTRALS IN CONCLAVE

President Nasser, President Tito, and Mr. Nehru talk together at a luncheon after the opening session of the conference of non-aligned countries in Belgrade. The meetings started in the sensational atmosphere created by the news of Russia's decision to resume nuclear tests and tension was increased when it became known on the following day that the Russians had exploded an atomic device in the atmosphere above Soviet Central Asia. The majority of the delegates strongly denounced Russia's action, the outstanding speech being made by Mr. Nehru who accused the Soviet Union of bringing the world "to the very verge and precipice of nuclear war" and called on the East and the West to negotiate for peace. The views of the non-aligned countries of the Commonwealth were also expressed by President Nkrumah, of Ghana, Mrs. Bandaranaike, of Ceylon, and President Makarios, of Cyprus. General approval was expressed in the Conference lobbies at the West's appeal to Russia to ban nuclear tests "for the protection of mankind." (See also News Summary, page 373.)

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THE ROYAL FAMILY ON HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND

As they arrive to attend morning service at Crathie Church, Balmoral. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Anne wave to the crowds. It is one of the few opportunities for the public to catch a glimpse of the Royal Family during their summer holiday at Balmoral Castle. The Duke of Edinburgh, as President, is to attend the Scarborough Cricket Festival today, Saturday, September 9. **Above right:** The Queen Mother makes a surprise visit to an antique shop in Aberdeen. **Right:** Princess Margaret smiles as she arrives to attend the service at Crathie Church

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN ABERDEEN

PRINCESS MARGARET AT BALMORAL

MARGOT FONTEYN LEAVES FOR BAALBEK

Left: Dame Margot Fonteyn and Frederick Ashton, principal choreographer of the Royal Ballet, leave London Airport to fly by a Comet of Middle East Airlines to take part in this year's International Baalbek Festival in the Lebanon. The Royal Ballet gave four performances at Baalbek before flying to Damascus, the first time such a ballet company had appeared in the United Arab Republic. Oxygen supplies were among the items of equipment taken, in order to counteract the effects of dancing at Baalbek, over 3,000 ft. above sea level. Dame Margot Fonteyn will make several appearances in London during September and October

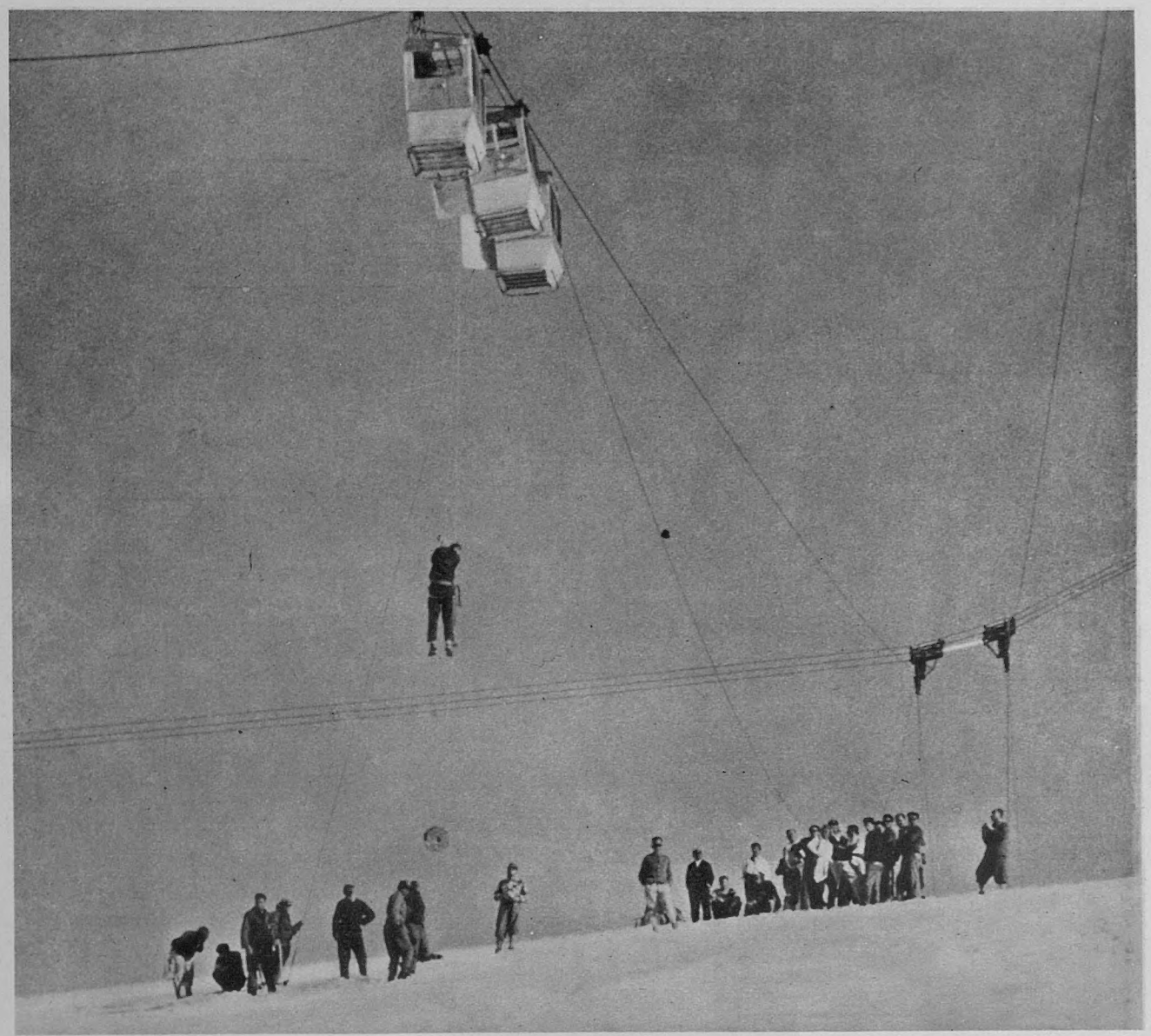
At a printing works in Manchester, girls make up sets of Bingo cards. During the current boom for Bingo, printers of the numbered cards have had a hard time keeping up with the demand. It was reported that the Manchester firm was producing 250,000 cards a week. A number of cinemas and dance halls have been taken over for the game. In recent weeks controversy has been aroused over its widespread popularity

ONE EFFECT OF THE BINGO CRAZE

Far right: After a severe fire at the South Marston works of Vickers-Armstrongs, near Swindon, bricklayers start to erect new buildings as activity in the factory continues. Within two days of the fire, the works was 90 per cent. operational and none of the 4,000 employees were laid off. The South Marston factory is engaged on development of the hovercraft and a variety of specialised equipment

WORK CONTINUES DESPITE A FIRE IN A FACTORY

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



RESCUE DRAMA ON A CABLE SYSTEM HIGH UP ON MONT BLANC

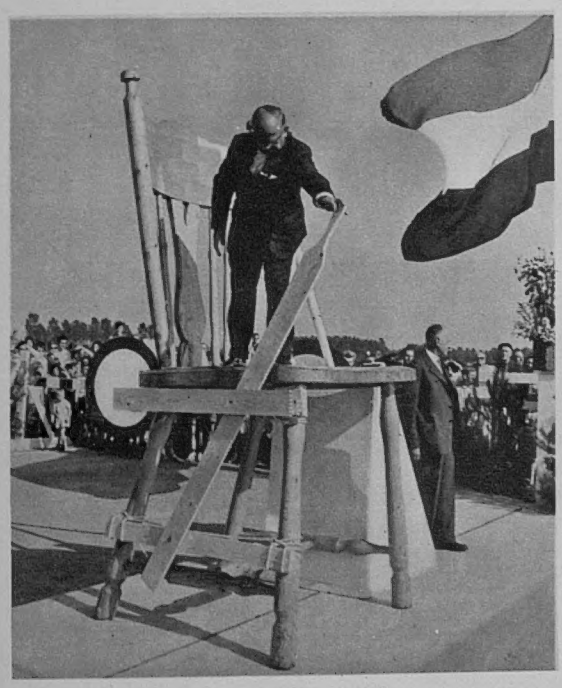
Rescue workers on the snowfield watch as a passenger is lowered from one of the cable cars on the Vallée Blanche téléferique, 11,000 ft. up Mont Blanc on the French-Italian border. A French jet aircraft severed the driving cable of the téléferique, causing three cable cars to crash down to the glacier below and leaving the other thirty-three cars suspended in mid-air. For nineteen hours last week, tourists were trapped in the cars as rescue workers, using helicopters, worked to haul them to safety. Six people were killed, but the rest escaped unhurt. Many of the eighty-one people caught by the accident were forced to spend a day and a night in their tiny cable cars. A special winch was set up to wind them slowly to a place where they could safely be lowered to the ground. The cable system, which is the world's highest, runs from Chamonix to the Aiguille du Midi

EX-PRESIDENT QUADROS OF BRAZIL

VICE-PRESIDENT GOULART

DENYS, HECK AND MOSS

The confusion caused in Brazil by the resignation of President Quadros continued last week. Vice-President Goulart, still on tour overseas, was forbidden to assume the Presidency by the three Service chiefs, Marshal Odilio Denys, Brigadier Grum Moss and Rear-Admiral Silvio Heck, "for reasons of national security." In spite of this the Vice-President decided he would enter the country to take up the Presidency according to the Constitution. A Congress Commission proposed a compromise in which Presidential power would be drastically curtailed, but the province of Rio Grande do Sul declared in favour of Senhor Goulart's return as President with unfettered authority. Marshal Denys replied with decrees dissolving the Third Army stationed in that province and dismissing its commanders. Meanwhile, President Quadros had left for Europe

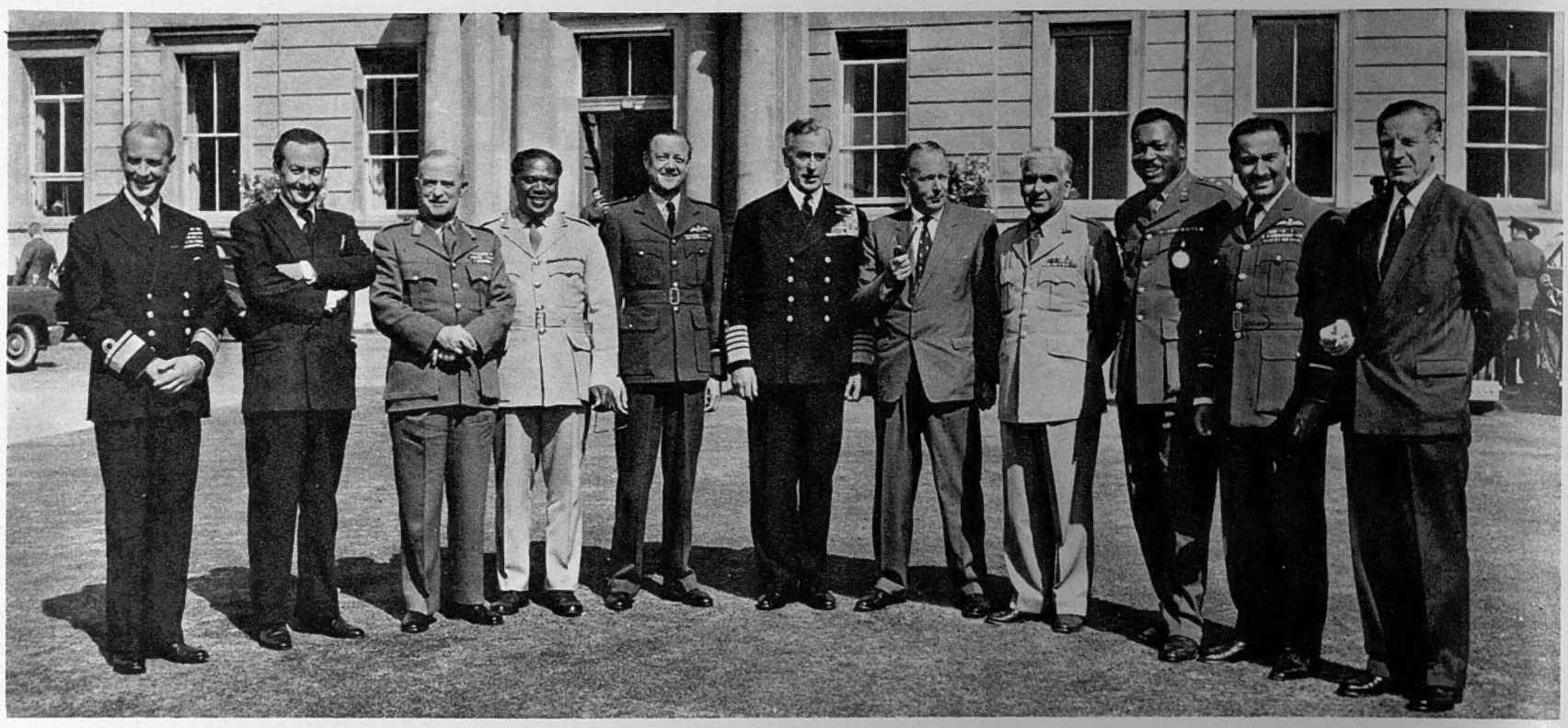


AN UNUSUAL WAY OF OPENING A ROAD

Dr. H. A. Korthals, the Dutch Minister of Transport and Shipping, pulls a lever to lift two barriers, marking the opening of a section of a new highway in the Netherlands, running from Oirschot to Eindhoven, in North Brabant. For the ceremony, he stood on a gigantic wooden chair. This had been presented by local industries

ALLIES AT AN ATHENS CEREMONY

Far right: Delegates to the Inter-Allied Reserve Officers' Congress are gathered at the tomb of the Greek Unknown Soldier for the laying of a wreath. The Congress in Athens, attended by officers from the United States, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, West Germany, Denmark and Greece, was opened by Crown Prince Constantine of Greece. The meetings ended last Monday

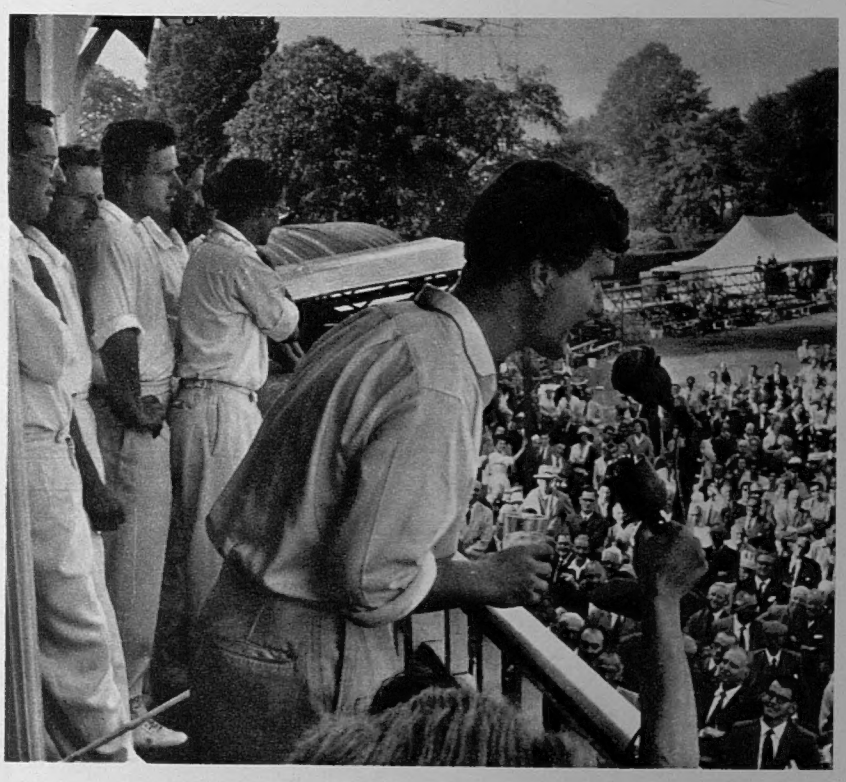


COMMONWEALTH DEFENCE CHIEFS CONFER IN BRITAIN

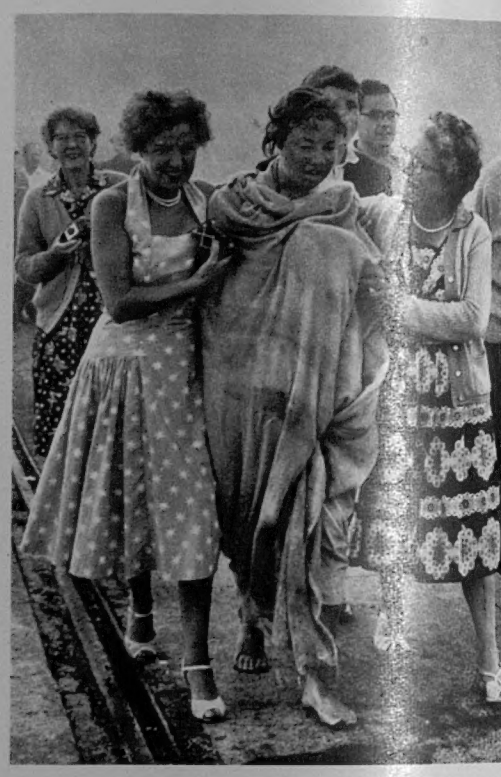
Commonwealth Chiefs of Staff assemble at the Staff College, Camberley, Surrey, for their biennial inter-service study conference. Left to right: Rear-Admiral J. V. Brock (Canada), Mr. Julian Amery (the Secretary of State for Air), Lieut.-General Sir Reginald Pollard (Australia), Brigadier S. Otu (Ghana), Air Vice-Marshal A. M. Bentley (Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland), Lord Mountbatten, Chief of U.K. Defence Staff, Mr. Harold Watkinson (Minister of Defence), General P. N. Thapar (India), Brigadier J. P. A. Aguiyi-Ironsi (Nigeria), Brigadier Irshad Ahmad Khan (Pakistan), and Air Vice-Marshal M. F. Calder (New Zealand)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Right: Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, the Hampshire captain, makes a victory speech to the crowd at Bournemouth. There last week Hampshire beat Derbyshire by 140 runs to win the county championship for the first time in their history. In 1955 they finished third in the championship and three years ago they were runners-up to Surrey



THE CRICKET CHAMPIONS OF 1961



YOUNGEST CHANNEL SWIMMER

Far right, above: Margaret White, a seventeen-year-old student nurse from Leigh-on-Sea, is escorted by her mother (right) after swimming the English Channel from France to England in fifteen hours, eight minutes. She is the youngest person ever to have swum the Channel. She landed on a beach west of Dover on Saturday of last week

U.S. AIR DISASTER

Debris litters a field in the Chicago suburb of Hinsdale, where a Constellation tourist class aircraft of Trans World Airlines crashed soon after taking off. All seventy-eight people on board were killed. This was the third worst commercial aircraft accident in United States history, and the worst involving one plane

NEWS SUMMARY

The West's "time-limit" appeal to Russia; more Notes on Berlin; a Russian diversion in Greece? contrasts in Africa; Arab League troops for Kuwait

INTERNATIONAL

As one of the most critical weeks in recent history began, the world waited for Mr. Khrushchev's reaction to the dramatic call sent him by President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan to stop his nuclear tests. This appeal was the West's counter to Russia's resumption of testing, announced on August 30, four days after the resumption of the three-power test ban conference in **Geneva** at which the West had tabled new proposals. In their statement the American and British leaders gave Mr. Khrushchev until Saturday of this week to reply. In **Washington** it was understood the U.S. was considering denouncing Russia's action at the United Nations, a move which it was believed would have the support of the great majority in the U.N. Assembly.

The shock of the Russian bomb test naturally overshadowed the **Berlin** crisis, but this continued last week without any easing of the tension. Further notes from Russia and East Germany to the West contained more allegations of using the air corridors for flying "spies" into Berlin and flying out children "kidnapped" from East Germany. In East Berlin Russia's No. 2 spaceman, Major Titov, was the central figure in a gigantic parade last Sunday (see also pages 374–375 for Berlin pictures).

GREECE

A Bulgarian Note was delivered in **Athens** last Sunday protesting against Greek participation in a Nato landing exercise in Turkish Thrace later this month. The Note alleged these manœuvres were "aimed at Bulgaria." Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister, dismissed the Bulgarian protest as "preposterous" and "unacceptable." The Bulgarian move came a few days after a Note on the same lines had been delivered by Russia to Greece. Opinion in Athens considered that Russia might be planning to create local tension in South-east Europe as a diversion during the major crisis over Berlin and nuclear tests. This type of diversion is a familiar part of Soviet strategy in times of international crisis.

GREAT BRITAIN

The question of the expulsion of the Electrical Trades Union was the main business facing the Trades Union Congress when it opened at **Portsmouth** on Monday. In their individual pre-Congress meetings most of the major unions had decided to vote for the expulsion.

The mystery of the Goya portrait of Wellington, missing from the National Gallery in **London,** deepened last week. Reuter's News Agency received anonymous letters and phone-calls stating that the picture would be returned safely if £140,000, its purchase price, was paid to charity. Police were still investigating early this week whether these proposals were hoaxes or serious ransom demands.

AFRICA

In the new Executive Council in **Nyasaland,** Dr. Hastings Banda, leader of the Malawi Congress Party which had an overwhelming victory in the recent elections, was appointed Minister of National Resources and Local Government last weekend. Several of his chief supporters were also appointed to offices by the Governor, Sir Glyn Jones, on the instructions of the Queen. Other portfolios were given to Europeans, but no members of the United Federal Party were among them. It was reported that the U.F.P. had asked for two places on the Council and when offered only one had refused to accept it. Mr. R. S. Forster, the Chief Secretary of the Council, is responsible for public order.

In **Northern Rhodesia** nineteen people had been killed in the disturbances and 1,400 arrested up to the beginning of this month. A telegram was sent last Friday by the Secretary of the United National Independence Party to Mr. Kaunda in Britain, urging him to refrain from meeting British officials. However, on the following day, Mr. Kaunda and Sir John Moffat, the Liberal leader, met Mr. Macleod in London, as planned. The talks were understood to have taken place in a friendly atmosphere and although the Colonial Secretary made it abundantly clear that the British Government would not capitulate to violence in Northern Rhodesia, he was also believed to have told Mr. Kaunda that provided the disturbances stopped, Britain might be ready to consider his objections to the proposed constitution (see also page 377).

In one of his first public speeches since his release, Jomo Kenyatta outlined his plans for **Kenya** to a meeting of 20,000 Africans, Arabs and Asians in Mombasa. He said that when Kenya became independent, the property of foreigners who wished to stay in "peace and friendship" under an African government would be respected. Mr. Kenyatta called for unity among Africans throughout the country and roundly rejected the demands put forward by certain African parties for autonomy for the coastal strip of the Protectorate. (Kenya consists of the Colony, far the larger area, and the Protectorate, the territories on the coast.)

Congo entered a new crisis as the dispute developed between the Central Government and the United Nations, on the one hand, and President Tshombe of Katanga, on the other. After the arrest by U.N. of some hundred European officers in the Katanga forces, Mr. Tshombe relieved his other European officers of their posts. But early this week he was still refusing to accede to the U.N. request for the removal from office of Mr. Munongo, the Katanga Minister of the Interior. In spite of this critical situation, Mr. Adoula, the Centralist Prime Minister, and Mr. Gizenga, his Lumumbist Deputy Premier, were expected to leave for the Neutralist Conference in Belgrade on Monday.

MIDDLE EAST

The first contingents of the Arab League force for **Kuwait** were expected there in the middle of this week. Arab troops are to take the place of the British forces which have been protecting the sheikhdom since Iraq laid claim to its territory in June. Five states have agreed to help provide this force—the U.A.R., Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Sudan and Tunisia.

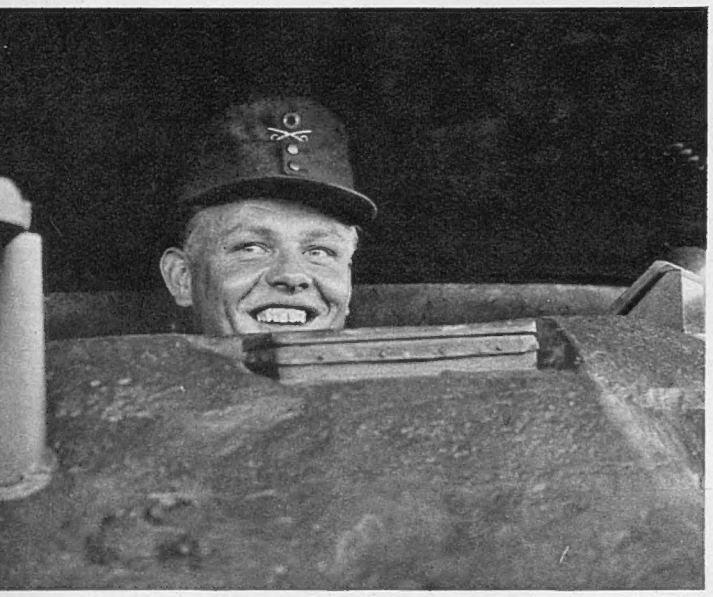
A new law has been passed in **Ankara** by the Turkish Representative Assembly providing for the immediate arrest and trial of all persons committing offences "against the Revolution" during the period immediately before and after the forthcoming general election on October 15. The law, which prescribes the death penalty, was submitted to the Assembly by the National Unity Committee of General Gursel, and will be in operation when the verdicts and sentences in the **Yassiada** trials of the former Prime Minister, Mr. Menderes, and his associates are announced on September 15.

President Makarios attends the Neutralist Conference in Belgrade and Emperor Haile Selassie arrives at the airport

BRAZIL

Despite threats of civil war, the crisis caused by the resignation of President Quadros of Brazil seemed about to be resolved early this week. Vice-President Goulart had returned to the country and been proclaimed President by his supporters in the Rio Grande do Sul province. Meanwhile, Congress had promulgated an act of constitutional amendment confirming Senhor Goulart as President, but with considerably reduced powers. The Vice-President intimated that he would accept office on these terms, and the three leaders of the armed services were reported to have withdrawn their opposition to him. (See pictures on page 371.)

TANKS AND FRONTIERS



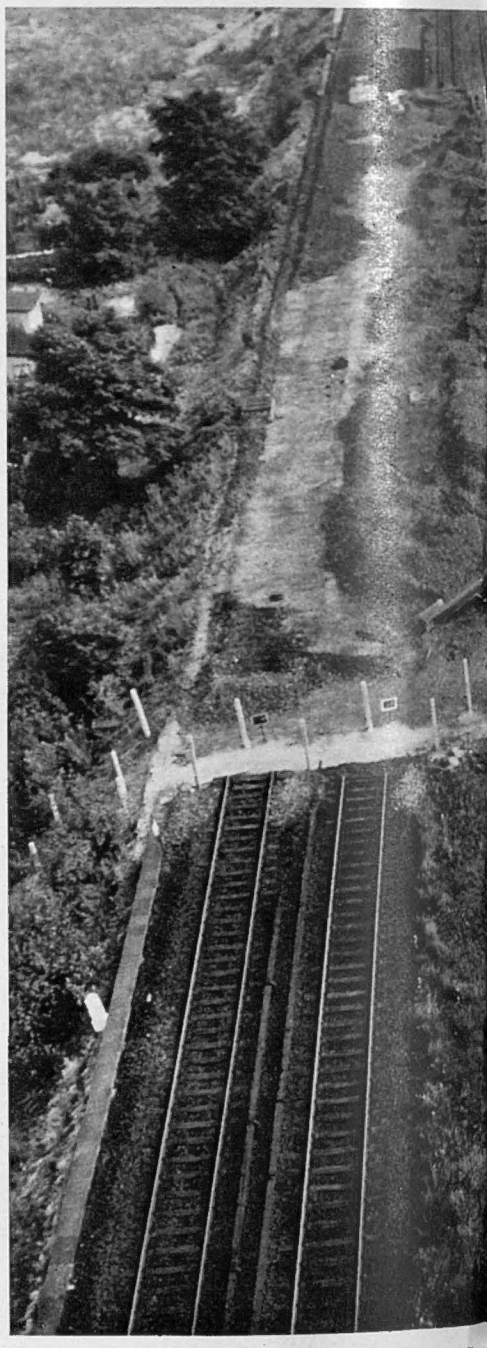
From his tank, Lance-Corporal Lampe smiles to Britain

Tanks of the 84th West German Panzer battalion are transported through Pembroke on their way to Castlemartin

The first of the American-built tanks of the 84th West German Panzer battalion were landed at Pembroke Dock, in South Wales, last week. They were brought ashore from the German ship *Trautenfels* in the landing craft *Agheila*, commanded by an officer of the R.A.S.C. They were then loaded onto tank transporters, which carried them to Merrion Camp, near Castlemartin, where they were parked on the tank range in preparation for the training exercises by the West German unit. Earlier on the same day the main airlift of the battalion had started from Germany. With their Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Karl-Wilhelm Kleist, ninety officers and men arrived at the Royal Naval Air Station at Brawdy, near Haverfordwest. The airlift and disembarkation of tanks were to be concluded early this week and exercises were to start.

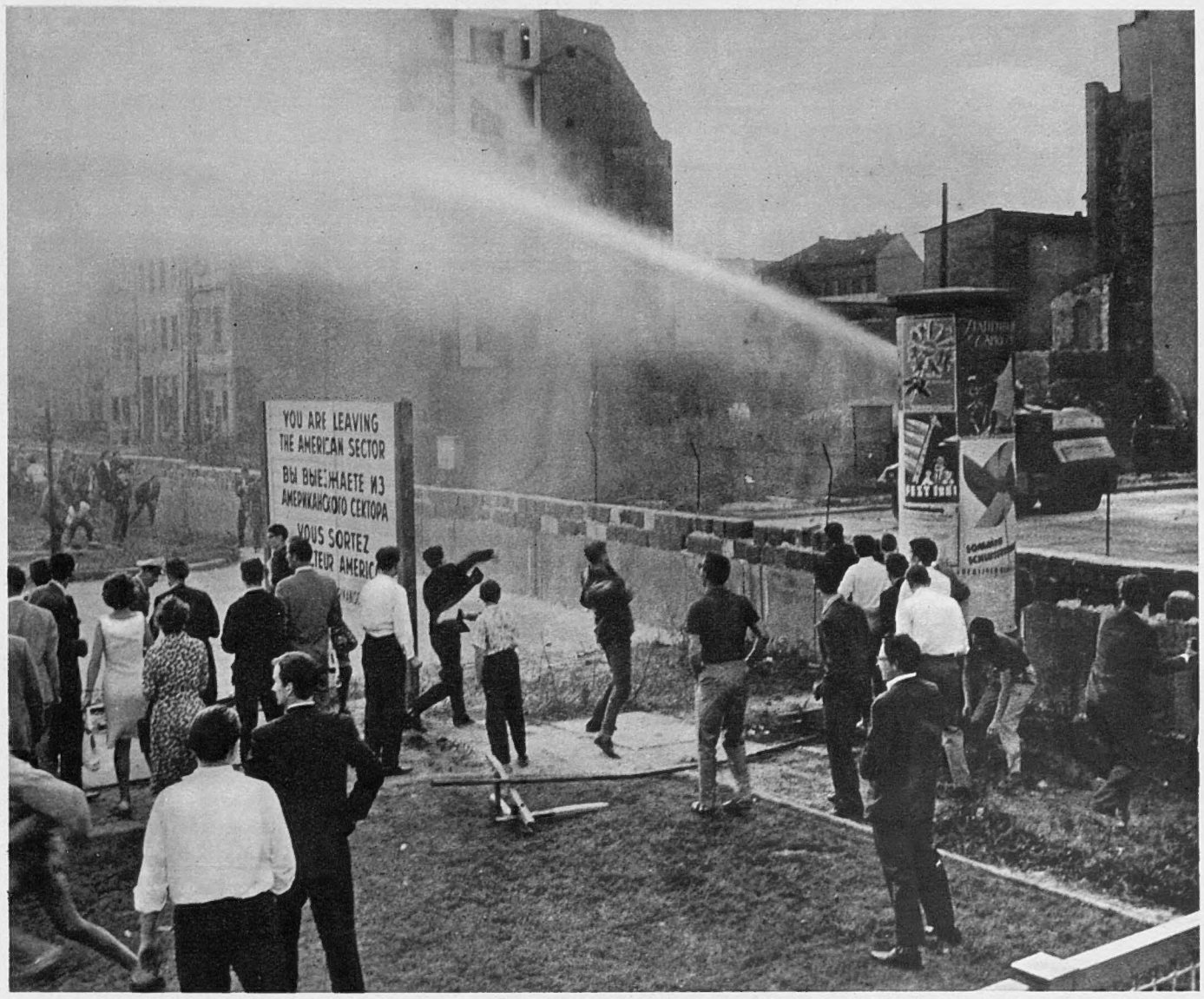
In Berlin tanks continued to be on duty on the East-West frontier. American armour maintained position in the Friederichstrasse, a few yards from the only crossing kept open to foreigners by the East Germans. The wall put up by the Communists along their border was the cause of several incidents, West Berliners throwing stones and jeering at East German troops who retaliated with their water-throwers. On the railways between the East and West Sectors, the East Germans tore up sections of the track to ensure the closure of the frontier and built towers from which strict watch could be kept on the barbed-wire.

The West German tanks are parked on the range at Merrion Camp, near Castlemartin, in their exercise area



Rails have been removed from the track on the East

side of the Berlin frontier



An East German water-thrower goes into action against West Berliners demonstrating at the wall erected along the frontier between the sectors

American tanks move along a street in West Berlin to relieve the armoured vehicles guarding the frontier crossing in the Friederichstrasse

JOHN CONNELL

THE STATE OF THE NATION

Crisis, as I have lately gone to some trouble to make clear, is a word whose constant use I think we ought to abjure. I am also considerably out of love with problems and solutions—not bridge problems or chess problems or *The Times* crossword—but political problems; the Arab problem, the problem of Berlin, the problem of world tension, and the like. There is one, however, which I would regard as an exception, but to which, I suspect, far too little attention is paid: the problem of Britain. What is to become of this country? Why are we in such a state? What kind of figure, in truth, do we cut in the world nowadays?

During the earlier part of this year I was abroad a great deal, in countries which have, or had until lately, close ties with the United Kingdom. I came home each time feeling more and more of a stranger in my own land, which I had seen through others' eyes. The experience was disconcerting, at moments distressing. For I was perplexed and hurt by much that I saw. We do not regard ourselves as a problem, but others do. Their feelings about us are mixed, and I suspect that to a degree which we ourselves do not realise, these mixed feelings are a reflection of and a reaction to our own. We have lost an old certainty, we have no sure grip on ourselves, our policies and our aspirations.

I said here last week that I thought we should do ourselves some service if, for the word " crisis " in current comment on international

Direct Action Nuclear Disarmers squat outside the Soviet Embassy in London as a protest against Russia's decision to resume nuclear tests

affairs, we were to substitute the word " muddle." Britain is in a muddle; and this is a factor of considerable importance in international affairs. It matters a good deal to our allies. Our enemies can hope to extract some profit out of it. Even neutralists cannot be indifferent. But do we ourselves take it seriously enough? We engross ourselves in a whole array of problems, from the Common Market to Laos; but we duck the problem which is not merely on our doorstep, but in our own hearts and minds.

Once a year the President of the United States delivers a long and detailed oration on the State of the Union; it is probably the most important speech of his year. We have no such annual stock-taking and heart-searching. The Prime Minister and his colleagues deal from time to time in Parliament, or on the air, with specific major issues. How many Chancellors of the Exchequer, for example, since 1945 have striven to expound to us the economic facts of life? But a detailed, all-round appreciation of what we are and where we are going is lacking in our national life.

There is much to be said on our behalf. We emerged from World War II not as physically battered as some of our neighbours in Europe, though, as the ruins in our cities showed for many years, we too had taken our knocks; we had fended off invasion and subjugation; we were stripped of our national wealth and in debt; we were tired, yet there were resources of energy and resolution in us which made us tackle, with efficiency if not with zest, the social revolution through which we had to pass; we remained shabby and short of amenities for a long time; but that we had the ability and the self-discipline to rally and refashion our life was considerably to our credit. These facts, and our attitude throughout the war, earned us the respect of other nations. There are those who hold that both by the fact of our relinquishment of empire, and by the manner in which we did it, we built up a big fund of goodwill, not least in the countries which we formerly ruled. I concede the strength of this argument, though I believe that spiritually we lost more than we gained; and the rest of the world is by no means the better for the liquidation of our hegemony.

Mine is an unusual and unfashionable belief, but it is founded on a great deal of hard-won experience. Ours was, as empires go, short-lived; but it was the best, the most enlightened and the most benevolent since the collapse of Rome. It is worth reminding ourselves that when Rome's power passed, the tide of barbarism flowed over Europe and the Middle East. Great cities and centres of civilisation crumbled into ruin, roads became cart-tracks, cornfields went back to the desert, and many centuries passed before there was a recovery.

Our vindication in our external relations, many people sincerely hold, is that we voluntarily—well, fairly voluntarily—transferred power to those whom we once ruled, a gesture as rare as magnanimous. At the same time we set to and put our own house materially, if not morally, in order, in face of serious and protracted difficulties. Here in the United Kingdom our vindication is in the homes and schools we have built, and the young generation we have raised. The children who were first going to their primary schools in 1945-46 are now grown men and women; the children of the bulge are in their teens. Do they justify our hope, our trust, our sacrifice in those post-war years? Physically, of course, they do. Intellectually, at present, I have my doubts, and so I think do many in authority in our universities. Their souls are, to people of my age, the mysterious, unexplored territory that the souls of the young always are to their parents and predecessors. We can only be humble and hold on to hope.

Through all the changes and chances of these years—at first arduous and latterly soft and luxurious—two of the foundations of our freedom and our strength, of indeed what my generation once believed was our greatness, have not been shaken: our parliamentary democracy and the common law.

These are impressive achievements, and nobody assessing the state of this nation in 1961 ought to underrate them. But they are not the whole picture. There are aspects of our national life that make us a problem to the rest of the world, and ought to make us a problem to ourselves. What is there wrong in us to make a young and talented playwright such as Mr. John Osborne sit down and hammer out his notorious " letter of hate "? What is there to make a man normally as resilient and as courageous as Mr. Emanuel Shinwell ask seriously whether we are witnessing the decline of the United Kingdom? He views with concern, he says, " the drift in this country into a lower standard of social behaviour, the casual attitude about momentous events . . . the reticence of statesmen, inhibited by political motives, in exposing the full details of our economic plight; the contrast between the high quality of our scientists, technologists and skilled craftsmen and the lag in productivity; the amazing increase in crimes of violence; the rise in juvenile delinquency; and what seems to be in process of creation—a Bingo-loving society."

This is a formidable indictment, on many points of which Mr. Shinwell would command a considerable measure of agreement among thoughtful people. Mr. Shinwell attributes this state of affairs to lack of leadership, not only among politicians, but in the Church, among writers and in the Press.

We once led the world—and when we did the world was at peace as it had not been since the age of the Antonines. Can we now lead ourselves? As Mr. Shinwell says, angry young men are by no means alone in asking questions of this kind. There is, however, a certain responsibility which we all, of whatever age, bear towards one another; it consists in believing in, though not necessarily agreeing about, the spirit and purpose of our country. If we lose that belief, we are far down the road of national decline.

Mr. Tom Stacey, a young writer whose work—as a reporter, as a commentator and as a novelist—I greatly admire, has discovered, on returning from journeys that were lengthier and more perilous than mine, a spiritual lassitude in this country; and in an article in the *Sunday Times* of August 27 he said that we " are suffering acutely from a loss of national ideal." In the course of his analysis of our condition Mr. Stacey quoted another young writer, whom he did not name: " Suppose the Russians delivered an ultimatum—go Communist or die. Suppose that our choice was life: we would still have sunlight in the streets, and talk, and sex, and work, and food, and laughter."

Is this really where we have come? The prospect of such an ultimatum seemed fairly hypothetical on August 27. By September 3, the twenty-second anniversary of the outbreak of World War II, the hypothesis had come some way nearer fulfilment. Is it not of some consequence that we should adopt a seemly attitude in face of the official announcement that the Soviet Union has decided to resume nuclear weapon tests? Flaccidity and flatulence in our leaders, and despair in ourselves are not, I am convinced, at all seemly.

Mr. Kenneth Kaunda arrives for a conference in Oxford

Africans, rounded up by Security Forces, are behind barbed-wire in Fort Rosebery, in Northern Rhodesia

Removing a road block erected by rioters in Luapula Province

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Two key figures from Northern Rhodesia, Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, leader of the United National Independence Party, and Sir John Moffat, leader of the Liberal Party, were in Britain last week among the delegates from Europe, Asia, Africa and the U.N. attending the Conference on Tensions in Development at New College, Oxford. Mr. Kaunda and Sir John also spent some time in London explaining their objections concerning the proposed new constitution for Northern Rhodesia. Sir John and Mr. Kaunda separately saw Lord Perth, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs. They hoped, before the weekend, to have a meeting with Mr. Macleod. Mr. Kaunda's request to the Prime Minister for a commission of inquiry into the situation in Northern Rhodesia was turned down in a letter from Mr. Macmillan's Secretary. Meanwhile, in Northern Rhodesia itself disturbances were reported to be spreading from the Northern and Luapula Provinces to the North-Western Province. Roads, vehicles and buildings were being damaged, power lines cut and bridges blown up by rioters opposing the new constitution

The ruins of the African Welfare Hall destroyed by rioters in Abercorn

Repairs are made to a culvert which had been seriously damaged

In fine weather, the ancient fishing port of Brixham, on the South Devon coast, presents an idyllic picture with its variety of boats and trawlers rocking gently at anchor

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

"BRONZED AND WELL." In the early nineteenth century it was easy and convenient to govern England from country houses. Gracious and peaceful living gave Ministers time for quiet thinking and events moved slowly. It is not so today. Events move at the pace of rockets. When Parliament rose, our Government left us in a very anxious, fluid and uncertain state. One cannot say that much of our anxiety *solvitur ambulando*. A Premier's messages from Scotland expressing his belief that all would end happily in Berlin eased no one's anxiety (though Premiers know more than we do). The Chancellor's hopes that all the nation would pull together like an Eton eight to save the ship of State from bankruptcy looked to us no more substantial than at the end of July (but he knows more than we do of the prospects). And the Home Secretary's in-tray is particularly full of chits marked "urgent." Crimes of violence and sex are undiminished, robbery-under-arms as successful as ever, the prisons are fuller than ever before. Nothing in our gardens *looks* lovely. (But Mr. Butler has access to many facts unknown to us.) Of course these hard-pressed Ministers must have their holidays like you and me. And, if we reflect how very little success has attended their efforts at their desks in any field, international or domestic, in the past ten years, I don't know that it makes much difference whether they govern us from Whitehall or from country houses. They drift back in their own good time, looking "bronzed and well." All the same, it does seem a good chance for another Lib.-Lab. election pact to snatch away a few seats from the Tories at coming by-elections, if only to reduce the *hubris* of a Government entrenched behind a sweeping Parliamentary majority.

THE OSBORNE JUDGMENT. People (like me) who incline to criticise "leadership" in Britain or the British way of life, should take warning from John Osborne's now famous excess of bile and take a lesson from Pope who usually began the skinning of his victim by first admitting his good points, thus making the final flaying seem more just. We mustn't overplay our hands, as some thought Lord Salisbury did when he trounced the Government's African policies. There may be some not despicable items in our present way of life. It may be that the Governments we enjoy are not universally and at all times imbecile. If so be, we should not wholly pass over those good points before wholesale condemnation or else we elderly critics may be called peevish old men, and the angry young men be dismissed as impatient and impotent self-advertisers. The truth is that sheer hate, heated in a fiery furnace, cuts no ice. The only criticism which is effective is that which shows up the victim of criticism as a man with sufficient merit to be worth criticising. When "Bertie" wrote home from South Africa in 1899 that "all our generals at the front are fools," *Punch* drew an inset of a chinless, monocled "Lieut. Bertie," while Buller and the rest went on blundering. I have to admit that, if I tried harder, I could find a lot to be said for our present way of life and something to praise in our leaders, our nationalised industries, our methods of taxation and our overseas policies. And, that said, I could proceed to more detailed criticisms with a better chance of being listened to. You

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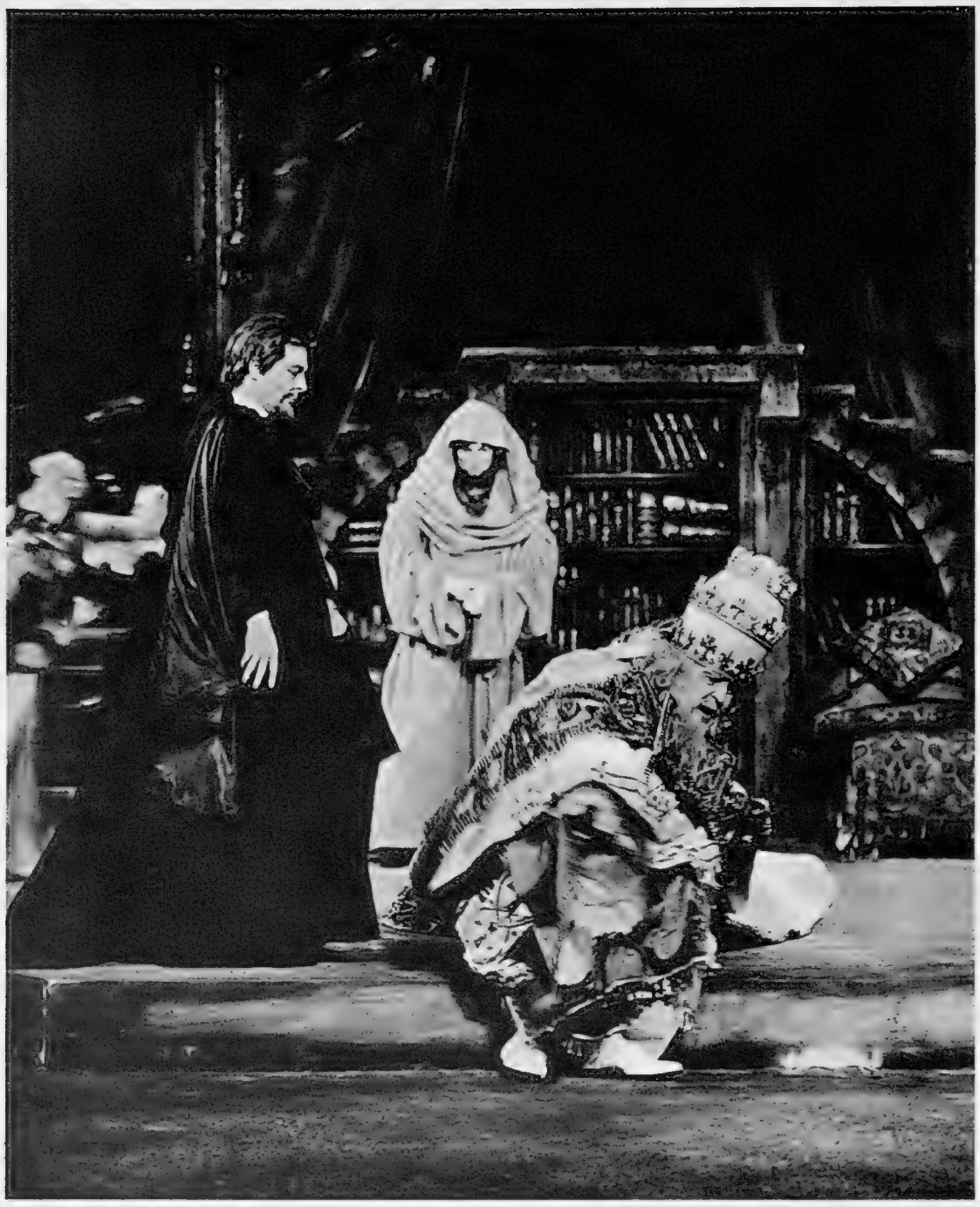
may pick the biggest coconut from your heap, but with it you will never brown all the Aunt Sallies in a single throw. You must pick your target and aim directly at it, and one day you may win an orange or the chance of another throw.

A FOOTNOTE ON TEST CRICKET. The Test series is over, bar the criticism. The inevitable inquest follows the disposal of the Ashes in Test cricket. The better side won. It played the brighter game (as promised by both sides in a determined effort to save first-class cricket from its decline). The Australians often managed to make three runs per over. The Englishmen averaged under two. We, the viewers, had our thrills; often we saw brilliant innings and strokes played and superb bowling performances—inevitably, since very good cricketers were engaged. But for long intervals we were bored or frustrated. Time and again we saw English batsmen making no stroke at three balls in an over. Benaud and Davidson and Mackay are fine bowlers, no doubt, but such precautions *just aren't good enough* (for spectators). It is, of course, " our fault." If we really get the Press and the B.B.C. we want, *ours* is the blame. We write up and hero-worship our sporting stars in advance until they come to believe that their " averages " and their reputations are more important than the game they play and from which they derive their transient fame. They go to the wicket not to " do or die " but to survive at all costs. When they fail, we dethrone them and even tear them to pieces. So with the Roman gladiators and with all ages and types of sporting circuses. England has ten times as many cricketers to choose from as has Australia. For all we know there are greater players in club and even village cricket. But we choose our team only from publicised county championship teams who become stale from playing six days a week from May to August. For me these tests were like the image of war, some burning minutes and a heavy proportion of boredom and frustration, even when I watched the game from the Pavilion or watched through television. But I daresay the gate money harvested may help first-class cricket to carry on until all the lessons are learned and the warnings appreciated. Let us be fair and give praise where it is due. All the matches were played out in the friendliest possible spirit, as among brothers. There was no wrangling, no questioned decisions, which are the curse of football. That is a glorious tribute to both sides.

BRIDGE OR TUNNEL? It often seems odd to me that the Channel tunnel idea, which is of hoary antiquity, is still a pipe-dream. Even proposals for the alternative, a Channel bridge, date from 1836. No one in those days even conceived the advances of science in the fields of space travel or nuclear physics, triumphs which in the last decade seem to bring the problem of " running up " a Channel bridge or pushing a narrow tube under the Channel more in the nature of a simple " weekend job." No doubt for a century military precautions kept the idea from implementation. Today, I suppose, the fear that the bridge or tunnel would increase the danger of invasion from either end is discounted, though the vulnerability of a bridge to destruction by an enemy must clearly remain very obvious. Today, after a century-and-a-quarter, the French and British authorities are apparently agreed to explore the avenues at a round table of experts and weigh the rival advantages of bridge or tunnel, more for commercial than military advantages. If they reached a favourable verdict on either project, we might have one or other of these quick communications with the Continent within five years. I do not suppose I shall ever travel to France by either method. I am too claustrophobic to endure tunnels and my heart quails at the idea of driving through a November gale and lashing hail across a 21-mile bridge, over a roaring sea, carrying five lanes of carriageway, two railway lines, two bicycle tracks and pipelines for oil and gas. What if I had a puncture ten miles out, halted 230 ft. above sea-level on that quaking structure in the full fury of the gale? Why not try a pilot bridge first, so that we can get an idea of the nastiest possibilities? I suggest one from Hurst Castle to Yarmouth, I.O.W. As a matter of £ s. d., it should cost me far less than the present exorbitant charge to ferry a small car across from Lymington, and I suppose I should do the crossing in under five minutes. I *would* patronise such a Solent bridge on a fine day in summer—although the Portsmouth ferry service has now been greatly improved.

THE OLD STAGER

Members of an archæological team at work round a Roman well in Winchester. This is one of the discoveries made during recent excavations in the Cathedral car park



In the Old Vic *Dr. Faustus* are Faustus (Paul Daneman), Mephistopheles (Michael Goodliffe) and the Pope (David Bird)

Faustus and Lechery (Rosemarie Dunham)

The fifteenth Edinburgh International Festival comes to an end today, Saturday, September 9, with its usual list of triumphs and failures, exhaustion on the part of the performers and hosts in Edinburgh and regret upon the part of the hordes of visitors. Fortunately, for those people in London and elsewhere who did not have the opportunity to travel north, the Festival acts as a staging post for the best of the dramatic offerings. Several of these have started on the journey south. Special acclaim went to the Old Vic, who surprised critics with a splendid production on the open stage of the Assembly Hall of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. Presenting a treacherous challenge to any producer, the play is the story of a Renaissance scholar who succumbs to the lure of knowledge and the Devil and ends up very properly in Hell. The Old Vic's second production, *King John*, fared not so well, and the Bristol Old Vic's brave presentation of Lawrence Durrell's verse play, *Sappho*, had a rough passage. The operatic offerings this time were led by Covent Garden's new production of Gluck's rarely-performed *Iphigénie en Tauride*. A very grand opera, with its Greek plot, *Iphigénie* is full of imposing music. Rita Gorr, in the leading role, scored a personal triumph. Ballet was varied this year. Walter Gore's new company, marking the return of Alexis Rassine to the stage, should be seen in London later this year.

In Walter Gore's London Ballet are, **left:** Paula Hinton in *Eaters of Darkness* and **right:** the company and Paula Hinton, Alexis Rassine and Jill Bathurst in *Les Sylphides*

Alexander (Anthony Moor) and his paramour (Dona Martyn) in *Dr. Faustus*

The goddess Diana appears at the end of Gluck's opera *Iphigénie en Tauride*

TO LONDON VIA EDINBURGH

Photographs by John Blomfield

Thaos, King of Scythia (Louis Quilico), accuses Iphigénie of treachery

Pylade (André Turp) kneels before Oreste (Robert Massard) and Iphigénie (Rita Gorr)

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

Atomic Energy of Canada Limited's Annual Report for 1960-61 contained the following account of their international activities:

" The main highlight during the year under review was the successful completion and start-up of the Canada-India Reactor at Trombay, India. The reactor became critical on July 10, 1960, and formal inaugural ceremonies were held on January 16, 1961. All AECL and other Canadian staff have left the site and the reactor is being operated and maintained by the Indian Department of Atomic Energy. This project has been the largest single co-operative programme in atomic energy between any two nations to date, and Canadians and Indians can be justifiably proud of this endeavour. It is expected that the close relationships in the atomic energy field will continue in the coming years.

" The close co-operation between AECL and the United States Atomic Energy Commission has been further strengthened by the signing last June of a Memorandum of Understanding on a co-operative programme in the development of heavy-water moderated power reactors. By this memorandum, AECL and the USAEC have agreed to exchange detailed information on current and projected heavy-water moderated power reactors and to co-ordinate closely research and development work on reactors of this type. As a further expression of U.S. interest in heavy-water power reactors, the USAEC has undertaken to spend up to 5,000,000 dollars over and above its regular programme on research and development specifically directed towards the heavy-water moderated reactors being constructed by Canada.

" The close ties between AECL and the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority continue to be of great value. Frequent visits take place between the technical staff, and the exchange of staff continues to be an important facet of the co-operation. Special mention should be made of Canadian participation in the U.K.'s study of the steam generating, heavy-water moderated reactor (SGHWR), and of the joint experiments being performed in the Chalk River reactors.

" The joint programme of research envisaged in the agreement for co-operation between AECL and Euratom is being administered by a Joint Technical Board. The main area of this co-operation relates to organic cooled reactors, and exchanges are being made between AECL and Euratom through the media of reports and visits. Canada continues to be a strong supporter of the International Atomic Energy Agency. AECL's co-operation with the European Nuclear Energy Agency of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation has mainly been in the field of reactor physics. AECL, on behalf of Canada, is a member of the European-American Nuclear Data Committee."

AUSTRALIA

A poet who never existed has been given a new lease of life with the publication of a book of verse by an Australian publishing firm. The poet was the notorious Ern Malley. In 1944 two Sydney poets, Harold Stewart and James McAuley, provoked by modernism in poetry, particularly the brand espoused most vehemently by the Australian literary magazine, *Angry Penguins*, decided to test whether " those who write and those who praise so lavishly (can) tell the real product from consciously and deliberately concocted nonsense." They sat down one day with a chance collection of books—such as a dictionary, a collected Shakespeare, a book of quotations, an army pamphlet on anti-malarial control—and compiled a selection of nonsensical poems. On completing sixteen pieces, they graded them " so that they got sillier and sillier." They sent samples to Max Harris, an editor of *Angry Penguins*, along with a letter purporting to have been written by Ethel Malley, which explained that after the death of her brother Ern she had found " some poetry he had written." Harris wrote for further details of Ern Malley's life and more of his work. Stewart and McAuley obliged with the remaining fourteen pieces and a resumé of a tragic life which had ended at an early age.

In the autumn issue of 1944 of *Angry Penguins* Harris, having considered the work with his partners, who included the painter, Sidney Nolan, published the collected work of Ern Malley under the title, *The Darkening Ecliptic*. Harris hailed Malley as " one of the most outstanding poets we have produced "; a poet of " tremendous power, working through a disciplined and restrained kind of statement into the deepest wells of experience." Soon after the hoax was revealed. But joining the early laughter, echoed over the world, was strong support for the genius of Ern Malley. One of the outstanding overseas supporters was Sir Herbert Read. In a letter to Harris, Read, after pointing out that by the time he had seen the poems he had learned already that they were a hoax, said: " But I read the poems in an objective spirit, and though I find them very uneven, often obscure and sometimes absurb, yet allowing, as I would normally do, for some adolescent crudity, the general effect is undoubtedly poetic, and poetic on an unusual level of achievement."

Now, seventeen years after their first publication, the partisanship these poems provoked is muted. But not silenced. Australian critics, at least, still use Ern Malley to symbolise the division between the traditional and modernist view of poetry.

His supporters contend that Stewart and McAuley wrote good poetry in spite of themselves. They, however, stress that they interrupted each other's trains of free association and altered and revised what they had written and the hoax was, in fact, a " serious literary experiment." McAuley himself is quoted in Max Harris' introduction to the edition of *Ern Malley's Poems* (Melbourne: Lansdowne Press) as saying that at the time, " there was a pretty big surge, in poetry and the arts generally, of what I would call a wave of surrender to irrational forces."

The final word goes to Max Harris, who maintains yet, " that it seems to me clear on a consensus of opinion of different readers . . . that they (the poems) cannot be dismissed *in toto* as meaningless nonsense. . . . I would like to think that there is someone . . . who would do today just as I did in 1944."

Right: A pattern of clouds of steam is formed from the open bores in the Wairekei geothermal area. In this region in the centre of North Island, New Zealand, geothermal steam is being used to produce electric power. New Zealand was the second country in the world, after Italy, to use geothermal steam in this way. In addition, the country is extensively developing its hydro-electric schemes

WEALTH

Canada's stake in international developments of atomic power; a fictitious Australian poet again in the news; the new New Zealand House; Nigerian view on the Congo

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

NEW ZEALAND

The "topping-out" ceremony of the New Zealand Government's new building, at the corner of Pall Mall and Haymarket, due to take place on Friday, September 8, provides a reminder to New Zealanders that the completion of a building in which there will be national pride can be looked forward to in the not-far-distant future. Started in 1959, the building has reached its maximum height of 225 ft. With the fifteen-floor tower of this twenty-storey block going up at the rate of a floor every eight days over recent months, the new building has given the skyline around adjacent Trafalgar Square a sudden transformation. The structure is, in fact, 40 ft. higher than Nelson's Column.

In the informal ceremony the High Commissioner, the Hon. T. L. Macdonald, and the Minister of Finance, the Hon. H. R. Lake, were to carry out the "topping out," that is the laying of the last skip of concrete, the hoisting of the New Zealand flag on the tower crane and the congratulation and entertainment of construction workers.

The contractors for the building, Holland and Hannen & Cubitts (Great Britain) Limited, have been associated in the building of several large Government projects in New Zealand and have a New Zealand subsidiary, Cubitt-Wells Ltd. A number of young New Zealand architects have been associated with Robert Matthew and Johnson-Marshall in the design. There have been New Zealanders among the workmen and even some New Zealand material will be used—in the form of timber in parts of the interior.

One of the great new prestige buildings of post-war London, the new New Zealand House, completion of which is expected about the middle of next year, will be a symbol of the New Zealand of today, a vigorous, expanding, forward-looking country. The present New Zealand House in the Strand, opened in 1915, has been grown out of as New Zealand itself has grown, its trade increased and its political responsibilities have become greater. Many of the staff are now quartered in other buildings. In the new building all will be under the one roof to attend to their various responsibilities. There is work at public level—facilities provided for and assistance given to New Zealand visitors to the United Kingdom as well as advice and information given to British people going to New Zealand either as migrants, settlers or visitors. Through New Zealand House are conducted the country's relationships with the United Kingdom Government and contact is provided with the representatives of Commonwealth and foreign Governments in London. Important commercial activities are centred in it and various departments of the New Zealand Government which have interests or activities in the United Kingdom are represented.

London is for New Zealand, like most countries of the Commonwealth, by far the chief centre of overseas representation, both in diplomatic and economic affairs. The new building will be welcomed, not only as a necessity but as one which will worthily uphold the country's reputation there.

Left: Cargo ships are tied up at the quays in the Port of Wellington, New Zealand. In the view looking south towards Te Aro Flat and the Straits, the railway station is in the centre

The photograph taken across Trafalgar Square shows the new New Zealand House in London, due to be "topped out" this week, at the corner of Haymarket

NIGERIA

A Nigerian view of the lessons of the Congo was expounded by the High Commissioner for Nigeria, Alhaji Abdulmaliki, last week in Britain. He was speaking at the annual conference of the International Liaison Committee of Organisations for Peace at Culham College, Berkshire.

The High Commissioner outlined the factors which had led to the 1960 breakdown in the Congo. The Belgian view had always been that economic development was the foundation for political independence. "Africanisation, which was a feature of British and French colonialism, was not dreamed of in the Congo." There was an impressive economic and administrative superstructure, but no solid political foundation. The Belgians had hoped that the creation of an African middle-class would lead to stability, but "all African nationalist movements are led by middle-class elements." All that followed the granting of independence could not be entirely blamed on the haste of the concession, or the political immaturity of the Congolese leaders. The Belgians imagined themselves more indispensable to the Congolese than they in fact had proved to be. The intervention of the United Nations had not been foreseen.

Mr. Abdulmaliki then examined the aims of the intervention, and how far it had been successful. It had expelled most Belgian troops, provided some military assistance to the Central Government, keeping the peace to create the chance of peaceful negotiations. The weakness was that its non-interventionist policy had not "ruled out a forcible solution, but that in a situation that demanded a settlement it provided no alternatives." Its greatest achievement was the technical assistance it provided to enable the Government to function at all. Regrettably, however, it had been unable to keep the Cold War out of Africa.

The U.N. was only able to get as far as it did, added the High Commissioner, because there was no clear sovereign authority. This indicates a move towards acceptance of the U.N. as a means of making independent States function more satisfactorily, rather than a genuine step towards a world sovereign authority. Even so, the potential of the U.N. as a force for peace in the sensitive areas of power politics had been demonstrated.

DROPPING IN AT FARNBOROUGH

Sergeant " Jake " McLoughlin, an R.A.F. instructor of No. 1 Parachute Training School, at Abingdon, trailing an identification plume of smoke, enters the free fall section of a practice jump over Farnborough. He is one of a team of six instructors from the training school taking part in a parachute display at this year's S.B.A.C. Show at Farnborough, from September 4 to 10. For the first part of their jumps they are linked together. Another jumping display is being given by Army parachutists of the Special Air Service. There is more than unusually strong participation by the Services in Farnborough this year. The Army Air Corps has four Skeeter helicopters flying in low-level formation exercises. The Navy's No. 800 Squadron of Scimitars are performing formation aerobatics. (A picture of them appeared in last week's *Sphere*.) There were to be three R.A.F. aerobatic displays including spectacular formation rolls by Lightnings of 74 Squadron and by Blue Diamonds of 92 Squadron

The Krak des Chevaliers is the finest of the Crusader castles in Syria. In the view from the south-west can be seen the outer walls and massive central keep

CRUSADER CASTLE

Photographs by A. F. Kersting

Built along the coast of the eastern end of the Mediterranean are a series of Crusader castles, which rank as some of the most impressive achievements in military architecture ever undertaken. Of these castles, pride of place goes to the Krak des Chevaliers. It stands on a hill guarding the pass from the coast to Homs and Hama, in Syria. From its battlements it is possible to look out over the Lebanon, the Mediterranean and the great Lake of Homs. The fortress consists of a thick flanking wall with turrets at regular intervals, surrounding the whole site. Within it is the massive keep,

(*Continued on following pages*)

Looking past one of the turrets over the surrounding countryside. Far below is the neighbouring village with its flat-roofed huts

The Krak des Chevaliers was built in a highly strategic position, guarding the pass leading from the Mediterranean coast to Homs and Hama

From the battlements of the central k

CRUSADER CASTLE

(Continued from previous page)

partly encircled by a moat and entered over a drawbridge. Vaulted passageways slope upwards to the main inner courtyard, enabling horses to be stabled in the keep. Among the inner buildings are an impressive great hall with a vaulted roof, a Gothic chapel with cloisters, and fine examples of vaulted chambers.

The Krak des Chevaliers is still in a fine state of preservation. Originally, there was a Kurdish castle on the site. This was taken by the Crusaders at the beginning of the twelfth century and over the next 100 years they made it into one of the finest of castles. It was captured from the Knights Hospitallers in 1271. Some idea of its size can be gained from the fact that before the First World War a whole village was quartered within the castle. During the French mandate in Syria, a new village was built outside the walls.

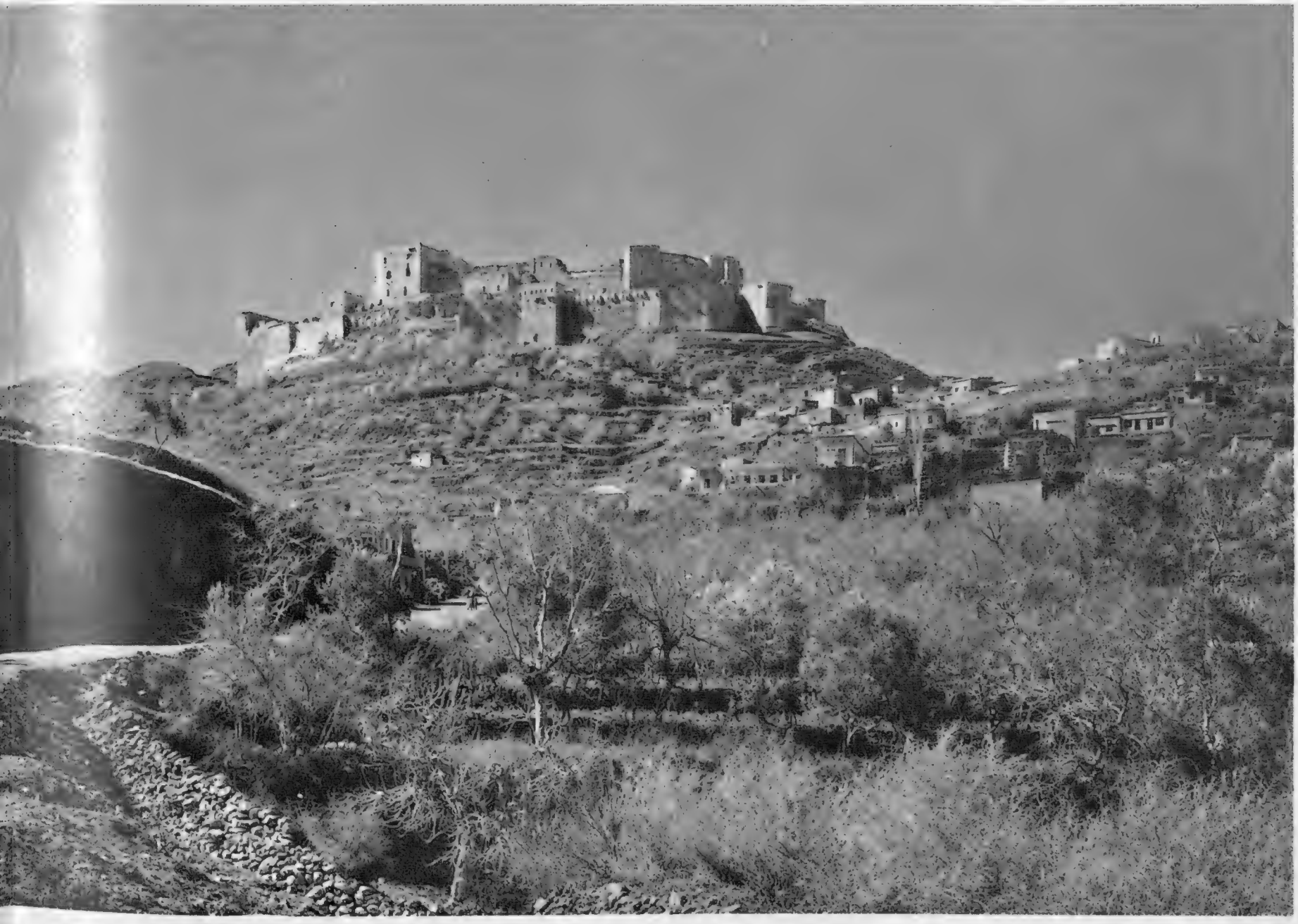
One of the most remarkable of stories attached to this castle is that of the young Lawrence of Arabia. In 1909, an undergraduate at Oxford, T. E. Lawrence travelled mainly by foot through Syria and Palestine, visiting in Galilee the Crusader castles of Belvoir, Beaufort, Banias and Chastellet, and then making his way north to the key fortress in Syria, the Krak des Chevaliers, and other castles. Although he returned to England exhausted, Lawrence by 1910 had written his thesis, *The Military Architecture of the Crusades*, and had gained a First in history. The thesis, published as *Crusader Castles*, established Lawrence in his early twenties as a leading authority on his subject.

Right: The sloping passageway leads upwards from the castle gateway to the inner courtyard

Looking up t

eep can be seen the central courtyard in which horses could be kept during a time of siege

The south-west turret with (foreground) the thick walls of the main keep



o the castle from the north-east. Part of the local village is on the right

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE GAMES AT GRASMERE

Grasmere, with the exception of its neighbour, Rydal Water, is the smallest of the lakes. It must be admitted at once that there is nothing dramatic about Grasmere from the scenic point of view: it is an insignificant lake and the fells surrounding it are, by Lakeland standards, low and unimpressive. Yet, no one can stay at Grasmere, if only for a day or two, without acquiring a special affection for it: and this has nothing to do with its literary associations. I think it is just because this valley is so different from every other valley in Lakeland.

Elsewhere the valley and the surrounding fells are but a framework to the lake: there, as it were, to set off the lake to advantage. Here, the precise reverse is the case: it is the valley, not the lake, that matters. Grasmere

Bill Teasdale, the winner, leads the rest of the competitors in this year's Lakeland hill race at Grasmere

is but one of several ornaments—the smooth, rich-coloured, slopes of Fairfield and the summit of Helm Crag with the Lion and Lamb rocks are others—in a quiet, pastoral, but singularly beautiful, brilliantly green, valley, which not even the rash of new villas has managed to spoil.

Grasmere was for many years the home of William Wordsworth, who with other members of his family lies in the churchyard. The neighbourhood is also intimately associated with other famous poets and men of letters: Southey, de Quincey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and his son Hartley (who is buried close to Wordsworth). So far as Grasmere is concerned only Wordsworth is important, for he is a source of income. The poet has made Grasmere a place of pilgrimage. Most of the visitors have never read a word of him and could not care less about de Quincey and the rest, if indeed they have heard of them. But they come in coach-loads throughout the summer, pay perfunctory duty to Dove Cottage, take a few photographs, send off a few post-cards, and depart—educated. It is a marvel that Grasmere has not been completely spoilt.

The biggest pilgrimage to Grasmere takes place at the end of August, when the Sports are held. This traditional gathering is at least 100 years old and seems to have grown out of a wrestling championship. Canon Rawnsley, in his *By Fell and Dale*, says: "It may be safely said that the Grasmere sports today, in so far as they are a popular gathering for the gentlefolk of the country, owe their popularity to John Wilson, the Edinburgh professor and editor. He not only made a practice of trying a fall with the winner of the Ambleside and Ferry rings but, backed up by Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, he got all his friends among the resident gentry to take an interest in the wrestling and to attend the meetings." The gentry still attend. So does everybody else. It is very much *the* thing to do. But it must be a long time since one of the resident gentry took part in the wrestling, and I imagine that Watson is the only Bishop ever to have done so.

Wrestling is still the main feature of the meeting. The Lake District is one of the two surviving parts of Britain (Cornwall is the other) where wrestling is a traditional pastime of the country people. At Grasmere you see the ancient Cumberland-Westmorland style of wrestling at its best. You need to know the finer points of this style of wrestling to appreciate it properly. The men stand chest to chest, each clasping hands behind the other's back, one arm above the shoulder and one below.

To the uninitiated it would seem that they stand thus for a long time, doing absolutely nothing except grunting every now and again. But this, I am assured, is not so. I had the good fortune to find myself next to an expert (a former champion) and he was at pains to tell me all about it. I heard a lot about hipeing, cross-buttocking, grandy stepping, haunching, hankering the heel, inside striking, in and out, the chip—and I do not know what else. Physical strength, I gather, is not everything: balance and agility are very important. So is the ability to read your opponent's mind. It was most interesting and I took it all in.

It is with shame that I have to admit that I am none the wiser. As far as I could see both men spent a lot of time doing nothing (except grunting): then, suddenly, immobility would be shattered by explosion, and there would be a fall. In every fall I saw both men fell together (the one underneath is the loser), which would seem to indicate that they read each other's minds at the same second. The fact is, it seems to me, that this style of wrestling is a sport for the wrestler, not for the spectator.

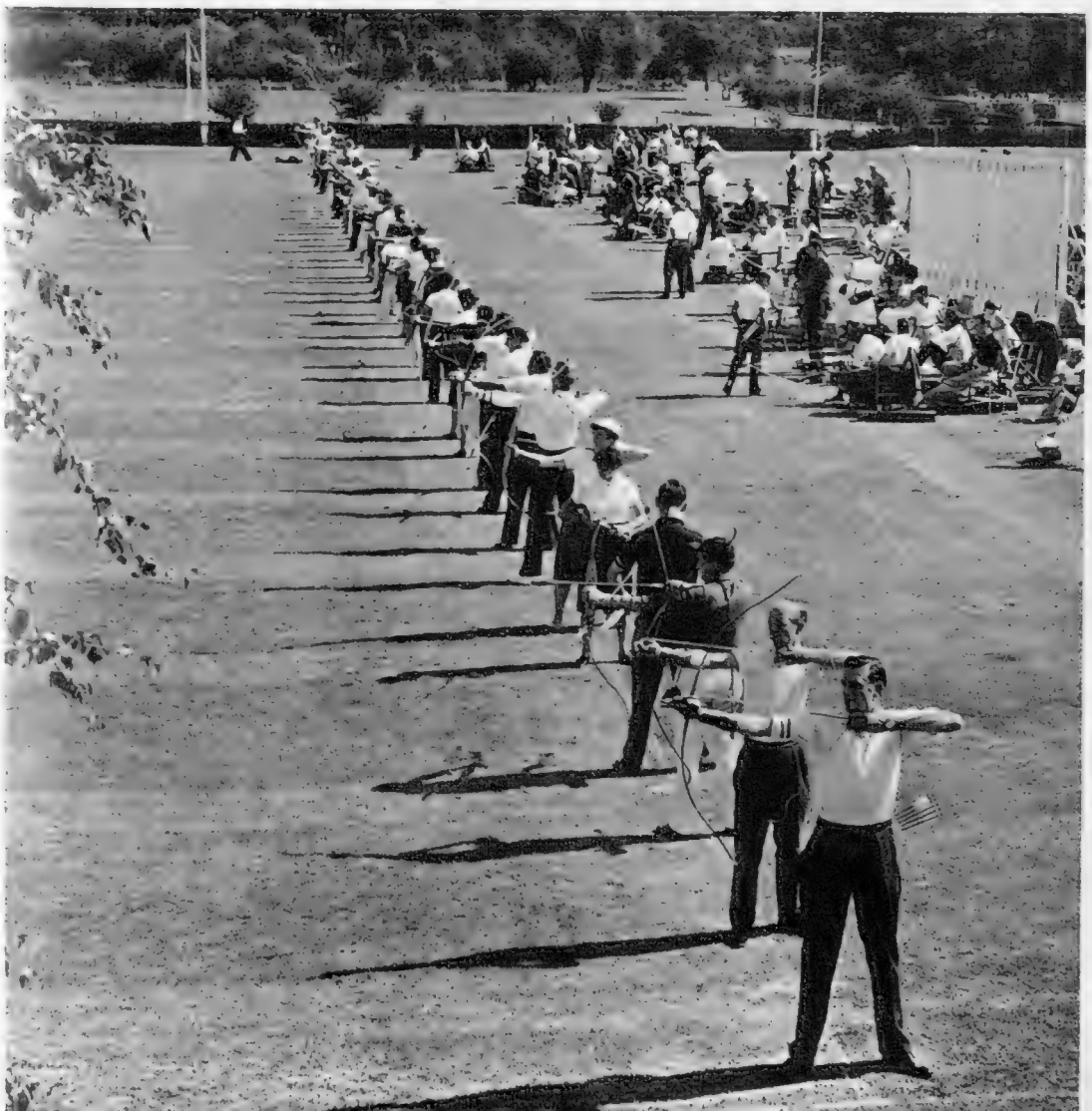
Much more to my liking was the Guides' Race. This is, surely, like no other race in the world. From the arena the runners climb the steep slopes of Butter Crags, then make their way along a rocky ridge to a second peak, and then down, over more crags and a lot of treacherous scree, to the arena once more. It is a tremendous test of stamina and the competitors go into strict training for it months beforehand. It is not all running. They go up as best they can; walking, running, scrambling, climbing. But once on the top they start to run, and they come down in a series of enormous leaps and skids and slides.

It is obvious, even to the uninitiated spectator, that the man who looks where he is going to put his feet is lost. You have just got to know—like a goat. Do not think that, because I have mentioned walking and scrambling, this is a slow race. I do not know what the actual distance is—oddly enough, I could not find anybody who knew exactly—but there is certainly a mile-and-a-half of direct running, quite apart from the climb and descent, and the whole distance is covered in well under fourteen minutes. That, believe me, is fast going. I shudder to think what it must do to the heart. But I know that this is one of the most exciting races one can watch anywhere.

But it was not this, nor the wrestling, that really impressed me. It was the atmosphere of the whole occasion: not an atmosphere of excitement, but one of leisurely enjoyment. Even the wrestlers smiled at each other in the most friendly manner. There are also most of the usual events of a sports meeting at Grasmere, and among them the normal jumping events: high jump, long jump, pole-vault.

We live in an age of records: the four-minute-mile, already a commonplace—it is how many seconds under four minutes that matters now; the 7-ft.-high jump; the whatever-it-is long jump. The competitors at Grasmere do not think in those sort of terms. They have not one eye on a record and the other on the headlines as the White City competitor has. Their sights are set much lower: just beating the chap from the next village. It was pleasant, a most pleasant change, to watch athletes competing for the love of the thing and people, thousands of them, watching just for the love of it. The world has not gone quite mad yet. But wouldn't it be nice if we could be like the wrestlers, and just lean on each other?

With pikes gleaming in the sun, the Lonach Highlanders set out on their round of the residences of the local lairds, before the start of the Games



WITH PIKE AND BOW

Traditional British weapons can still be found very much in evidence by those willing to look hard enough, even if only at weekends. Pikes and halberds were carried by the participants in the traditional seven-mile march which preceded the opening of the 118th Lonach Games at Bellabeg Park, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire. This is the last gathering in Scotland to retain its march of the clansmen as a prelude to the Games. Archery is also popular at weekends. One of the larger recent competitions was the Kent County Archery Championships which took place at the Sports Ground of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers at Northfleet. These championships have been held for two years running at this ground. The Gentlemen's Champion was Mr. Jack Ashcombe and the Ladies' Miss Sylvia Hogbin. Mr. Joe Davis and Mrs. Laurie Fowler, who shot for England in the World Archery Championships in Oslo this year, were invited to the ground, and won their shoots outright.

Bowmen are lined up ready to shoot in the Kent County Archery Championships held this year at Northfleet

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

There is one rule among the International Yacht Racing Union's Racing Rules which is sometimes not taken as seriously as it should be. Rule 19 states that " Every yacht entering a race shall hold such valid measurements or rating certificate as may be required by the national authority or other duly authorised body, by her class rules or by the sailing instructions." The R.Y.A. requires that " Every British-owned yacht of an international or national class, when racing in British waters, shall hold a valid certificate issued by the R.Y.A."

The infringement of this rule is most common, it seems, among some of the dinghy classes, and boats have been known to have raced through a whole season in local club races without a valid certificate. This may be due sometimes to ignorance of the rules, but it is also aided by the slackness of certain clubs which do not always insist on the production of the necessary documents. The production of a certificate proves that the measurements of the boat conform to the rules of its class, and therefore it can race fairly. A certificate can be obtained without great difficulty, provided the craft conforms. It costs only a small amount. Full members of the R.Y.A. get their certificates free.

I was pleased to hear that there has been a general tightening-up in this respect, especially by race committees of the more important meetings. The Secretariat of the R.Y.A. had quite a rush for certificates before the start of two important dinghy events recently, when the Championships of the National Enterprise and the Burton Cup Week of the National 12-ft. class took place in the same week. Even on the first day of the meetings telegrams and telephone calls from entrants in difficulties with their certificates indicated that the race officers of both meetings were taking their job seriously by making sure of the reinforcement of Rule 19. However, on checking, only two boats were unable to race because their papers were not in order. The situation is further complicated in the case of Enterprises, which are build-it-yourself boats, by the fact that certificates cannot be issued until the designer's royalty has been paid. If it is merely a case of having left your valid certificate at home, there is no trouble. An undertaking to produce the certificate in fourteen days is legally acceptable, except when the sailing instructions prescribe otherwise—e.g., in the case of championship meetings of the National and International dinghy classes.

With autumn approaching, a sign of the growing interest in boating is the announcement of many study courses for yachtsmen. Classes in Seamanship, Coastal and Celestial Navigation, Signalling and Yacht Design, are starting for members at the Little Ship Club in London on October 2. These are probably the oldest established winter courses, but many others are now held, often organised by local authorities. The L.C.C. organises classes in Coastal Navigation, Practical Seamanship and Celestial Navigation at the Fulham and South Kensington Evening Institute.

Another series of classes to prepare for the Yachtmaster's Certificate (Coastal) examination is being held at the King Edward VII Nautical College. Particulars of these and other evening classes are given in the L.C.C. publication, *Floodlight*, obtainable from County Hall, London. In Birmingham there are courses starting in coastal and astro navigation and a short course on the weather at the Brandwood Centre. At Wheeler's Lane, Birmingham, enrolment for courses on boat-building and dinghy racing are on September 12.

Stella Lucia competing in the race for the Stella One Design Class during Burnham Week

Cruisers heel over in a fine breeze in the Royal Burnham Yacht Club's regatta

The dining-room of the Resident Governor of the Tower of London in one of his private apartments. **Left:** The vaulted dungeon of the Bell Tower

LONDON DINING-ROOMS

THE TOWER

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

The Tower of London is one of the great attractions of the metropolis. There are certain parts of its buildings which are not open to the public. Among them are the quarters of the Resident Governor and Major of the Tower. The present holder of the office is Colonel Sir Thomas Butler, D.S.O., O.B.E. His portrait hangs in the dining-room, showing him as Colonel, Lieut.-Colonel Commanding the Grenadier Guards, which appointment he held from 1955-1958. After this he was Military Adviser to the U.K. High Commissioner in New Zealand before coming to the Tower. The Resident Governor's apartments are in what is known as the Queen's House, built for Henry VIII's Ann Boleyn, but only occupied by her for a short period before her execution. Lady Butler has redecorated several of the rooms, including the dining-room, the walls being papered with a copy of an Adam design. This tones excellently with the eighteenth-century fireplace, the Regency table and the fine set of chairs dating from around 1820.

Staircases from the dining-room lead down to the dungeon in the Bell Tower in which Sir Thomas More was incarcerated before he set out for his execution. In appearance it can have changed little over the past 400 years. Being part of the Queen's House, the interior of the Bell Tower can only be seen by special application.

TRAVEL

THE SWISS RAILWAYS

By **GORDON COOPER**

The small village of Gándria on the shores of the Lake of Lugano

Not least of the joys of a holiday in Switzerland is to travel by train. On almost every trip you will pass through an amazingly beautiful countryside, with constant peeps at snow-clad mountains and the bluest of lakes. In addition, the railway system presents a remarkable engineering achievement; and you could well spend days there simply going on rail excursions. The Swiss Tourist Office (458 Strand, W.C.2) can sell you, too, their Holiday Ticket which provides exciting rail bargains. This ticket, the most glamorous in Europe, also provides for concessions on the postal coach routes, on most of the mountain railways, and on the various lake steamers. Incidentally, there is an excellent arrangement by which you can hire bicycles at the principal stations of the Swiss Federal Railways; also oiled paper umbrellas which will stand up to at least one day's rain.

The train enthusiast might well wish to start off by travelling out to Switzerland by the T.E.E.—Europe's most luxurious and speediest European express. There is a link between Rotterdam and Zürich by these all-electric trains which whisk you along at high average speeds, in utmost comfort, and to a tight schedule.

From Zürich, a local excursion could be made on the Uetliberg mountain railway (steepest adhesion railway in Europe), from whose summit there is a magnificent panorama of Zürich and its surroundings. Mention must also be made of the Model Railway (near the Zoo), which is the largest of its kind in existence, with up to ten trains travelling simultaneously, and an Alpine relief as setting. Perhaps I should also record that the Bahnhofstrasse is perhaps the best shopping centre in Switzerland.

From Zurich you have the choice of continuing by the T.E.E. to Lugano on its way to Milan, or to make a diversion to Lucerne. In the first case, you travel along the Gotthard Railway, which runs through many tunnels, with the line often describing large loops inside the mountain face. The scenery both before entering and after leaving the St. Gotthard Tunnel is indescribably beautiful, and on the southern exit you soon feel the Italianate influence in the villages.

Lucerne is dominated by Mount Pilatus

Should you decide on the journey to Lucerne, then you will have a choice of railway excursions from which to select. In Lucerne itself there is the Swiss Institute of Transport and Communications, situated on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne. Here there are exhibits of every kind, covering road, rail, lake and telephonic communications. There are all kinds of impressive models, as well as attempts to represent legendary and historical events connected with transportation. A visit to Herr Oswald's model railway at the top of the Dietschiberg Funicular, which is nearby, is rewarding.

Mount Pilatus, some 7,000 ft. above sea-level, overlooks Lucerne and from its summit there is, on fine days, a panoramic view. An ascent of the south face from Alpnachstad is made by the world's steepest cog-wheel railway, having an upper gradient of 48 per cent. to Pilatus Kulm. The return journey can be made by an aerial cableway as far as Frakmüntegg with only a single support in between. Thence a descent is made in thirty-one minutes to Kriens in four-seater cabins.

Dominating the central area of Lake Lucerne is the Rigi, some 1,000 ft. lower in height than Pilatus, but so high above the relatively lower country to the north that its summit offers equally magnificent prospects. A circular trip can also be made up and down this mountain: from Arth-Rigibahn on the north side, and down to Vitznau, on Lake Lucerne, to the south.

Another attractive railway excursion in this district of Switzerland is from Stansstad (reached by steamer from Lucerne) to Engelberg, whence a funicular takes you to Gerschni Alp (4,290 ft.) and from there by aerial cableway to Trübsee. A short walk around the lake brings you to a chairlift, for a fifteen minute ride to the Jochpass (7,300 ft.).

The Bernese Oberland has its full share of rail trips, the outstanding one, of course, being the ascent from Interlaken to the Jungfraujoch. From Kleine Scheidegg, where you change trains, the railway runs through a tunnel five miles long, before discharging you after an hour's journey at the underground terminal—the highest point attained by any railway in Europe. But I do not recommend this excursion for anyone with a weak heart.

Two other rail journeys which can be made from Interlaken are to Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva—from Spiez by the MOB railway—and from Spiez to Brigue by the Lötschberg Railway; and when you emerge from the Lötschberg tunnel and start descending rapidly towards the valley of the Rhône you may well consider it the best of all routes. From Brigue, I love the railway which follows a torrential mountain stream to reach Zermatt, a centre from which a rack-and-pinion railway leads up to the Gornergrat, whence there is a panoramic mountain view that stands comparison with the Himalayas, as seen from Darjeeling. The dominating feature of this panorama is the Matterhorn.

The Rhaetian Railway, serving the Engadine from Chur to St. Moritz and the adjacent valleys, offers more scenes; and from this fashionable resort in the Grisons there is the Bernina trip in which the train crawls over the Alps instead of burrowing through them—the only pass of its kind in Switzerland. Just over the watershed is the station of Alp Grüm, whence you look straight across a green valley into the Palu Glacier and up to the Piz Palu itself. From this point the electric train continues down to Poschiavo by a veritable slalom of a course.

The delight of high-powered electric travel in a holiday land is something no words can paint. Certainly, no other country in Europe can offer more pleasure in this respect than Switzerland; and I realise only too well my omissions in this article. Worth noting is a tour of the Railways of Switzerland offered by Wings (48, Park Road, N.W.1), and although it is too late now to book for 1961 keep it in mind for next year's holiday. The Swiss Tourist Office can supply brochures concerning its railways.

A finished section of the 600-mile-long wire enclosure which, when completed, will surround the Kruger National Park. On either side of the fence is a cleared area acting as a firebreak

WORLD'S LONGEST FENCE?

The Kruger National Park is famed for the wealth of African wild life to be found there. Originating from a suggestion by President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic, in 1898, the reserve was first opened to sightseers in 1928 and covers an area of some 8,000 square miles. The park is situated in the north-east of the Transvaal and is the natural home of much of South Africa's game, ranging from elephants to waterbuck. In order to prevent the wild life from straying out of the reserve, and also to deter poachers, work was begun in 1959 on a wire enclosure which, when it is completed this autumn, will stretch for 600 miles round the park. The work is being undertaken by three fence-building crews under the supervision of the Republic's Veterinary Technical Services. Reputed to be the longest fence in the world, it will be 6 ft. high and will be of wire reinforced with half-inch-thick cable in areas where larger animals such as elephants, buffalo and wildebeest are to be found. The necessity for the erection of the fence has arisen because of the growth, in the last fifty years, of the number of animals in the reserve; the elephant population has doubled and substantial increases in the number of antelope, giraffe and buffalo have been recorded.

Roads run the 200-mile length of Kruger National Park, but no one may leave his car except at one of the twelve authorised rest camps or at a prescribed stop. A typical camp consists of grass-roofed "rondavels," equipped with running water and baths. Each camp has a restaurant and an area where visitors can cook their own meals on wood fires. It is hoped that, with the erection of the enclosure, visitors will have the chance to see even more of the wild life which roams the reserve in its natural surroundings.

Right: The grass-roofed huts, known as "rondavels," for visitors touring the park. The huts, built of brick, have modern amenities, some with baths

Below: A 4-ton African elephant strolls across a motor road used by tourists near Letaba, in the Game Reserve. In this area the enclosure will be reinforced with cable to prevent elephants straying out of the park

Below: Two lionesses, unperturbed by passing cars, walk along a road at Skukuza, an area of the reserve renowned for its lions

BOOKS

NURSES' STORIES RATE HIGH

Autobiography by a nurse; Charles Dickens and popular success; this week's fiction

Across the Atlantic they say that books about Abraham Lincoln, books about doctors and books about dogs are all apt to be sure-fire winners for the best-seller lists, to such a degree that some wit once projected the most infallible of them all: a book to be called *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog*. This admirable essay in commercial writing never, in fact, came off, but the reading bias remains, we are told, in favour of biographies—or autobiographies—from at least one of these sources. That being so, how do nurses' stories rate? The answer appears to be that they rate very well. Now we have an autobiographical volume by Miss Elizabeth Avery, a writer and S.R.N., whose certificates were gathering dust in the attic when she decided that ten years' interval from nursing, due to the pleasant distractions of marriage and the raising of children, need be no obstacle to her resuming her highly-qualified profession. NURSE HAS FOUR CASES (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is the neatly descriptive title and I really think that it will be bound to share a great deal of the popularity of books dealing at first hand with an aspect of the medical profession. Miss Avery has a light, human and not unhumorous touch and, it would seem, none of the cynicism which we are told nurses automatically inherit. Very readable indeed.

THE IMAGINATION OF CHARLES DICKENS (Collins. 16s.) is a sober but not too solemn re-appraisal of the work of that most expert of writers. For Mr. A. O. J. Cockshut takes the view that Dickens gauged public taste more accurately than most writers have done before or since and that the three subjects with which he was himself most obsessed—money, crowds and prisons—were also subjects which had some appeal, whether conscious or unconscious, to a vast proportion of the reading public. In the light of this theory Mr. Cockshut examines or re-examines seven of the most famous novels, choosing *Hard Times* as a possible masterpiece. A fascinating interpretation and as fresh and provocative as if no one had written about C. Dickens for years and years. Which, as we all know, is scarcely the case.

M. Armand Salacrou, one of the contemporary French dramatists whom I most admire (and whom, incidentally, I find either underrated or ignored in equally contemporary treatises on the French theatre), has written the preface to a book of theatrical experiences by that fine and highly individual actor-manager, M. Jean-Louis Barrault. In this friendly but not too adulatory foreword, M. Salacrou writes: "Why does Jean-Louis Barrault publish this book at this moment of his life? Could it be that he wishes to cast a backward glance over the ground which he has covered, before a new move forward?" This is a sensible supposition for Barrault has already had a variegated and distinguished career. Now with his talented actress wife, Madeleine Renaud, he is the inspiration and director of the new Théâtre de France at the Odeon, in Paris. THE THEATRE OF JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT (Barrie and Rockliff. 25s.) comprises some of the actor's essays, lectures, reminiscences and practical experiences in a book of the greatest interest to all devoted playgoers.

YOLANDE, the striking young actress from Ceylon, plays Cleopatra in John Gale's production of Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* at the Duchess Theatre, London. The cast for the revival of the play is a predominantly youthful one. Cæsar is played by Alun Thomas

HANDS OF HEALING (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is a new novel by Mr. D. L. Murray—a statement which will in itself give pleasure to innumerable readers, for this thoughtful and somehow sympathetic novelist has earned himself a faithful public who expect, and get, excellent value from his writings. The present story is set partly in the past, a brief interlude during the Civil War in England, and mainly in the present, in London and in a beautiful, slightly dilapidated country house. As with many of Mr. Murray's books, this is a study in character quite as much as a tale of action and the principal figure, whose reflective manner conceals considerable strength of character, is interesting in himself, as the inheritor of a long-ago family feud and as a man with great intellectual curiosity. It is an unusual and satisfying book.

THE HORSEHAIR SOFA (Hart-Davis. 16s.), by Mr. David Hughes, treats a difficult subject in an amiably frivolous manner. It is even occasionally very funny, which is not a wholly predictable circumstance since the subject itself is a young husband's inadequacy in his marital relations. The narrator of these adventures, if that is not too picaresque a word for them, is the bridegroom himself and quite a funny chap he turns out to be. Amusing reading, civilised humour and two final pages which show unmistakably the real quality, almost a poetic one, of the writer at his best.

RUSSIAN IMPERIALISTS

The background to Soviet expansionism

The word "imperialism" is political abuse today. Rule by one people over another, for whatever reason, is piously rejected in both East and West. In THE NEW IMPERIALISM (The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.), one of the publishers' handy background books, Hugh Seton-Watson substantiates the charge that the imperialists of today are the rulers of the Soviet Union. That they are imperialists can, I think, be easily demonstrated by the juxtaposition of two events. First, there is the first official act of the All-Russian Congress of Soviets in 1917—the publication of the Decree of Peace. In it occur the following words:

"If any people is held by force within the borders of a given State, if such a people in defiance of its expressed wish . . . is not given the right of deciding . . . by free elections, without the presence of the armed forces of the incorporating State or any more powerful State, what form of national existence it wishes to have . . . then the incorporation of such a State should be called annexation . . ."

The second event was the bloody suppression by Russian armed forces of the Hungarian revolution in a situation exactly described in the above passage. Mr. Seton-Watson provides a wealth of evidence, clearly expressed and neatly laid out, of the Russian imperialism since the end of the war. His book is only sketchy where there has been no access by the West to the relevant facts.

Since the last war we have been living in a disordered world. During this time it is the commonly-accepted view that modern poetry has become increasingly ordered and formal. Even if you look only quickly through the pages of Elizabeth Jennings' AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE, 1940-1960 (Methuen. 11s. 6d.), you can see that this is true enough. Chosen by a practising poet, the anthology contains as good a guide to modern poets as could be expected in a small compass. It is perhaps not adventurous enough, although it is pleasant to find favourites turning up again. In such distinguished company as Auden and T. S. Eliot, poets like Thom Gunn, Donald Davie and Philip Larkin more than hold their own.

To describe much modern poetry as formal perhaps implies that the writers have retreated into formality as an escape. But this is not true in the best of their work. A distinguished American poet, Archibald Macleish, argues in his book, POETRY AND EXPERIENCE (The Bodley Head. 18s.) that poetry is written out of the relationship between man and the world, not in some subjective manner out of the poet's subconscious. This view of poetry is particularly true today. The best of modern poems are stamped with a tough inquisitiveness and a precision in the meaningful use of words. Mr. Macleish's book, besides being a general discourse, written in a simple and vivid manner, contains valuable chapters on Keats, Emily Dickinson, W. B. Yeats and Rimbaud.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF RALPH HODGSON (Macmillan. 21s.), edited by Colin Fenton, includes in one volume nearly all the work of a poet of an older generation. Ralph Hodgson was born in 1871, and now lives in the U.S. Written with an easy fluency, his verse has considerable Edwardian charm.

Ever since the fascination for the Dark Continent of Africa was crystallised in the work of Rider Haggard, many people have succumbed to the lure of the mysteries of Africa. Lawrence G. Green, who has written many books on Africa and lives in Cape Town, has produced a fascinating survey of fact and fantasy in OLD AFRICA'S LAST SECRETS (Putnam. 25s.). He writes of witch doctors, tribal rain-makers, lost cities and magicians. For each myth he explodes, he produces an authenticated new story.

SEA OF SEAS: The Western Mediterranean (Van Nostrand. 30s.) is by Captain Wilfred H. Scott Shawe, a former Trinity House pilot. His book is an invaluable guide for sailors of the waters, hazards and ports of a favourite part of the world for yachtsmen.

Jolyon Wimhurst

BARON'S COURT, ALL CHANGE (Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.) is a first novel by Mr. Terry Taylor, a young man who, so far, has been a palmist, a wall of death rider, a barrow-boy, an actor and a photographer. It is not too risky to predict that his sixth career will last a good deal longer. Mr. Taylor has written about a boy in his teens, who is described as a refugee from Greater London, and who does indeed find his way into the W.1 district there to sample the dubious joys of whatever wine, women and song he can afford. Crisply told in a colloquial style and with some rather hair-raising details of amateur drug peddling.

Mr. Harris Greene has written a long and evocative novel about post-war Europe with especial reference to Salzburg and Vienna as they may have been in 1947, and with a cast of characters as long as your arm. In fact, if one had a single strong criticism it would be that THE "MOZART" LEAVES AT NINE (Heinemann. 21s.) suffers from conspicuous overcrowding. On all other counts it is extremely readable and gives a memorable picture of life inside a military security section. Fast-moving and by no means banal.

THE EXORCISM (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) shows Miss Charity Blackstock at the height of her powers as an imaginative novelist. This is the story of a fine old house by Loch Ness, now being run as a guest house and possessing a ghost. This sad little figure, victim of her fierce lover and her rabidly angry father, lived some 150 years ago but she is still a sympathetic figure to the little boy who is staying in the house. To him, the day when her spirit will be formally exorcised is a day to be dreaded. Miss Blackstock writes of the effect of the exorcism on the child and on everyone else concerned. She endues her story with a sensitivity which is acute and never whimsical. Her book is a real *tour-de-force*.

Vernon Fane

BRITAIN'S MONARCHY

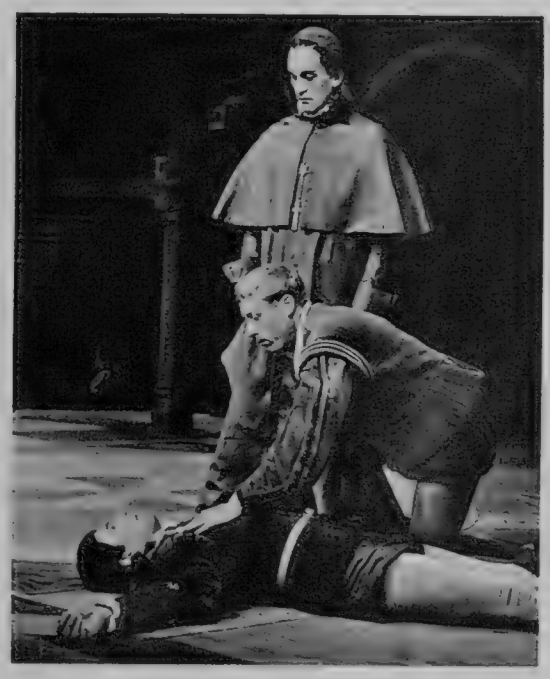
That our Monarchy is an enthralling subject of interest and not only in Britain is proved by a fresh spate of publications on the Royal Family. The serious ones are always worth careful study. Sir Charles Petrie is an accepted historian whose writing, always lively, is often provocative of thought and sometimes of dissent and in THE MODERN BRITISH MONARCHY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.) he develops his "arguments" with force, clarity and knowledge. He begins, rightly, with Victoria, disregarding the enormous differences in the functions and setting of the Monarchy under Victoria and under her great-great-granddaughter. To simplify (as one must) his arguments: he sets great store by the heredity of our Royal House. He discounts the Stuart element in their blood. He finds all of them Coburgs or Hanoverians or a mixture of both, revealing their virtues and frailties. The Coburgs developed late, the Hanoverians were shocking bad parents.

At accession, youth is a popularising factor. While a new sovereign acquires experience, mistakes are made; if he reign long enough, his continuous experience and his public acceptance as "an impartial umpire" (though he reigns and does not govern) become a vital stabilising and unifying influence, and he dies in a blaze of glory. A monarchy is still the best form for Britain as long as that impartiality is widely accepted.

But, Sir Charles believes, the Sovereign could play more part in the *intellectual* life of the nation. There is little in a short review to criticise in this interesting, lively, authoritative and quite important study. Perhaps Sir Charles relies a little too much on Sir Fritz Ponsonby, who was unreliable, and perhaps more attention to Mr. Pope Hennessy might have convinced him that Queen Mary's part in the Abdication crisis was far from negligible and became a major role, once abdication was inevitable.

John Gore

Annabella (Zena Walker) with her brother Giovanni (Edward De Souza) in a scene from John Ford's Jacobean tragedy



The Cardinal (David William) looks down on Soranzo (David Sumner) and Vasques (John Woodvine)

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

At the Mermaid Theatre

One of the dramatic oases among the dubious and lurid wastes of Jacobean drama, John Ford's masterly study in abnormal psychology, with particular reference to incest, is at the Mermaid for a 4½-week season. The play was first performed in a theatre in Drury Lane in the 1630's. It is only just that during the present spate of Jacobean revivals it should be seen again. Ford was a past master of the direct statement. His play, moving swiftly to the holocaust of its finale, is uncluttered with conceits and elaborate imagery. This gives the story and deeply considered characters a sinewy dramatic power.

Photographs by Anthony Crickmay

Below: The Banditti (Ronald Robinson and Patrick Crean) struggle to capture Putana (Patience Collier)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Lord Portal

Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Portal of Hungerford, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., is chairman of British Aircraft Corporation, one of the giants of the industry now showing its wares at the Farnborough Air Show. He is also chairman of British Match Corporation, another giant of British industry, and is on the Boards of Barclays Bank, D.C.O., Barclays Bank Limited, the Ford Motor Company and Portals Limited. Charles Frederick Algernon Portal was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, whence he accompanied the B.E.F. to France as a despatch rider in 1914. Having joined the Royal Flying Corps and become a pilot in 1915, he served in France until 1918. Lord Portal transferred to the R.A.F. in that year and held various Staff and Command appointments, including instructor, Imperial Defence College; Director of Organisation at the Air Ministry; Air Member for Personnel on the Air Council; A.O.C. in C. Bomber Command; ending as Chief of the Air Staff from 1940-45. He was Controller of Atomic Energy at the Ministry of Supply from 1946 to 1951. Lord Portal was created a Baron in 1945 and a Viscount in 1946. Married, with two daughters, he lives near Chichester, Sussex. His recreations are fishing, shooting and deer-stalking

TRIUMPH—OR HEADACHE—FOR LEYLAND?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It is hard to think of two motor vehicles less alike than a massive Albion lorry, rumbling along heavily in the long-distance traffic, and a pert little Triumph Herald, nipping in and out of traffic, turning on a sixpence, and able to park in perhaps a tenth of the space taken by its ponderous " big brother." Most of the discussion of the recent boardroom *coup d'état* at Standard Triumph-International—under which, as it happens, the gentleman who was responsible for building the one has been put in full charge of mass-producing the other—has been in terms of its impact upon motor-car production by this smallest of the " big six " car producers. Yet ST-I has never been as important in its own field as is the organisation that bought control of it less than a year ago, and the more significant questions raised by the removal of most of the former directors of the car firm are really those about the future of Leyland.

The merger of ST-I with Leyland brought the Coventry car firm under the wing of a financially much stronger group in the motor industry, but one about as unlike it as could be imagined. The Standard organisation had originally been developed into the big league of car manufacture primarily by one man, Sir John Black, who strengthened a smallish producer of fairly cheap cars that had done well in war mass production by taking on, at Sir Stafford Cripps's behest, manufacture of the Ferguson tractor—plus, for a time immediately after the war, some continuing work on aero-engines. The Ferguson tractor used largely the same engine as went into the original Standard Vanguard, a rather dumpy but highly durable medium-sized motor-car; its shape came in for a lot of criticism in its day, but it outlasted most of its competitors.

Sir John Black's other highly personal policy was a belief in paying high wages—even for Coventry—and in co-operation with trade-unions. When he left the firm in the mid-'50's following a serious car accident, it was the beginning of many changes. Mr. Harry Ferguson sold out to Massey-Harris his interest in the tractor that Standard produced. Massey-Harris tightened the margins in the price they paid Standard for making the tractor, as competition mounted from Ford tractors: at one time they considered a complete merger of the two firms, but then they decided to buy out the tractor interest.

Standard, left in the car business without the thick slice of bread and butter that the tractor had given them (and which, for example, Rover has in its workaday Land-Rover), considered mergers with Rover and with Rootes, but neither came off. The company developed the Triumph Herald, a small car embodying some of the virtues that enthusiasts had been complaining were available in foreign cars but not in British. This has had some success; but it came at the same time as a rather remarkable unconventional small car from the British Motor Corporation and a very well-designed conventional car from Ford, both of which were cheaper. This unlucky coincidence almost epitomised the circumstances of a smallish producer in a business where you need volume to cut costs, however good your design. It was not surprising that Standard continued its quest for a partner; and finally it reached agreement with a very heavyweight one indeed.

Leyland has not for many years made anything nearly as light as the largest vehicles from ST-I. Its famous Trojan cars had ceased to be made well before the war, though the name lasted longer on medium-sized commercial vehicles. But Leyland itself and its main subsidiaries, Albion and Scammell, produce primarily the heaviest of heavy road vehicles, practically none come under 6 tons, and the group specialises in buses, lorries and articulated vehicles in the 12- to 15-ton ranges or above. The group is also a very large producer of diesel engines in its own right, supplying these to other vehicle builders as well as itself.

Few of the market factors affecting these mechanical mastodons affect the car business. The market for heavy lorries has grown with the advance of road goods transport as against rail freight, in the developed countries; and with the development of freight transport that simply did not exist before in the underdeveloped countries. In Britain, it has gained considerably from the tendency for companies to run their own transport fleets: since these are still denied by law the right to carry other people's goods, this has made for a larger proportionate growth of the road fleet in relation to the amount of merchandise needing transport. Some Leyland products can be said to compete with those of ST-I, in that the Lancashire group is the largest producer of buses in the country, and bus services in town and country alike are finding it hard to compete with customers lost to private motoring.

For the most part, however, products of the two groups might be said to be complementary: commercial vehicles are affected much less than cars by the short-term shifts in economic policy of governments, and in any case they rank in Whitehall as " investment " (i.e., virtuous expenditure) as against the label of " durable consumption " (i.e., private wasteful frivolity) hung on motor car sales at home. They have also, in recent years, been more steadily successful abroad than cars have: British exports of commercial vehicles have been rising more than total world trade in them, whereas the opposite is true for motor-cars.

But having a complementary range of products does not make a rather diverse and scattered organisation easy to manage: and production in Leyland and ST-I is as different as the products. The Standard-Triumph organisation has never commanded body-building facilities on the scale of those of its largest rivals: it bought in complete bodies and sub-assemblies from a variety of suppliers, some of which in recent years it had acquired. Body manufacture is the most heavily-capitalised operation in car manufacture, and one that plays a far smaller part in the production of any but the lightest vans. Most sizeable lorries have bodies custom-built to the purchaser's requirements, often by separate specialists: many of Leyland's lorries and buses, for example, will be sold without bodies. The specialised assembly shops at Coventry and its small-scale engines line have no relation to commercial vehicle production on the scale Leyland is used to. Highly-paid semi-skilled labour with powerful shop stewards may be equally strange to the Lancashire firm.

Leyland has said it has no intention of leaving the car business: with the ST-I facilities as they now exist, it would hardly be able to do so and still obtain a return on its heavy investment. Yet whether it is ready to compete on a full scale with the giant producers is also uncertain: will it develop the medium range of new cars, to follow the Herald and the new TR4 sports car, that ST-I was planning? Most important of all, can it find the management resources to run ST-I completely as well as its own set-up—and develop the European market as it was expected to if Britain joins the European Economic Community? This group has always been reckoned as perhaps the best-placed of any firm in the motor industry to compete on equal terms with motor competition from Europe. But its preoccupation with manning-up and reorganising some excellent but dispersed production facilities in an industry that is still strange to it may not make the entry into Europe any easier.

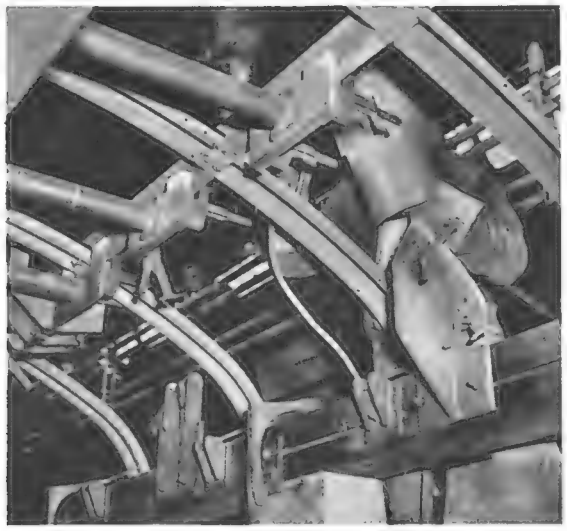
Working underneath two bridges built to span the motorway from Birmingham to Bristol, a bulldozer moves earth and stones in preparation for laying the road. The site is at Warndon Junction, east of Worcester, where the link road to Worcester joins the M5. The 27½-mile northern section of the motorway has been under construction for a little over a year. Main contractors for the section are A. Monk and Co. Ltd.

The new British Railways car ferry *Camber Queen* arrives at Fishbourne, Isle of Wight, having completed her maiden voyage

Older forms of transport still possess the ability to thrive in modern conditions. The British Railways Southern Region car ferry, which runs from Portsmouth to Fishbourne in the Isle of Wight, has started a revised service. A ship now leaves Portsmouth every hour, and the crossing time has been cut from an hour to thirty-five minutes. A new ferry, the *Camber Queen*, has been brought in to enable this new timetable to operate. She was built by Philip and Sons Ltd. of Dartmouth. A similar ferry, the *Fishbourne*, came into service on this route in July; since then the number of cars carried has increased by 100 per cent. Some of the most modern type of electric locomotives, including the latest Southern electric expresses, are being built by British Railways at the Southern Region Carriage and Wagon Works at Eastleigh, Hants. The building of all-steel suburban electric coaches is one of the main activities of the works which has expanded in recent years. The building capacity of the Carriage Works is eight new coaches per week.

A new quay is being built for the Tees Conservancy Commission on reclaimed land on the South Bank of the Tees between Grangetown and Redcar, in a basin, 3,250 ft. long and 400 ft. wide. The quay, which is to have five general cargo berths, is part of a scheme to provide additional deep-water berthing facilities on the Tees. Two tanker berths have already been built on the river frontage close to the present work. The consulting engineers are Sir William Halcrow and Partners in association with A. J. and J. D. Harris and the contractors are Demolition and Construction Co. Ltd.

IMPROVING BRITAIN'S TRANSPORT FACILITIES



A welder at work in the Southern Region sheds at Eastleigh

Fibreglass doors are fixed to the carriages in the works

Rigger plates are welded on to a body bogey in the course of building a carriage

The frame of a carriage ro

Progress is advanced on the concrete quay being erected on the southern bank of the Tees by the river's Conservancy Commission. In the foreground is the temporary working platform for building the sub-structure

nstructed in another part of the works

A huge crane is used in the laying of the superstructure on the pre-stressed concrete beams of the new Tees-side quay

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

PLASTICS PROSPECTS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

" Plastics have penetrated into virtually every industry . . . we are firmly convinced that the prospects for further growth are immense . . ." This is the view of Britain's plastics industry recently presented by a leading firm of City stockbrokers. In the early years of industry's post-war recovery, the plastics makers alternated between bursts of rapid expansion and periods of more moderate rate of growth. Now, however, the industry seems to have settled down to a steady pace of expansion. Partly, this reflects the acceptance of plastics as industrial materials rather than novel products. More specifically, this slower rate of recent growth results from keener American and European competition, together with slowly expanding sales to appliance and television manufacturers.

Briefly, plastics companies make three types of product. Polythene is used for wrapping materials and sink bowls; polyvinyl chloride (pvc) goes into car upholstery, and polystyrene appears in radio and television sets. Growth of the industry depends partly on industrial expansion as a whole and partly on the plastics industry's ability to introduce successful new products and bring prices down. Among new outlets for the industry are the use of plastics to replace metal for car components, the production of foamed materials and the bonding of plastics to steel. Possibilities opened up as a result of price cuts include the use of polythene for sacks.

For investors, taking a direct stake in the plastics industry has been made more difficult recently by a growing spate of mergers. Distillers, the whisky and chemicals group, have absorbed British Xylonite, the first manufacturer of plastics in this country, known for its Halex and Scintillex products. Turner and Newall have taken over British Industrial Plastics, the " Beetle " plastics firm which also makes machinery for the plastics industry. Socony Mobil have acquired O. and M. Kleemann, which produces plastics materials and semi-manufactures. Some large industrial companies such as Imperial Chemical Industries and Shell—as a supplier of materials—have an interest in the industry, but cannot be considered primarily as plastics producers.

Among plastics companies, one of the best-known firms is Bakelite, controlled by the American Union Carbide Corporation. Bakelite operate in some of the most keenly competitive fields of the industry, such as Warerite in plastic sheet, but expansion has been steady. Dividends have advanced from 12½ per cent to 17½ per cent over the past nine years, while cash funds have recently been strengthened by the exceptionally high profits of 1959. These funds should be adequate, with future ploughed-back earnings, to meet indicated capital spending, but dividends are not expected to show any marked upturn until this spending begins to earn profits. Another American-controlled unit in the plastics industry is Reichhold Chemicals, an offshoot of Reichhold Incorporated. This group is especially strong in the use of plastics for coating and adhesive purposes, and has also been developing constituents for emulsion paints through its Vinyl Products subsidiary. Vinatex, another subsidiary, concentrates on polyvinyl plastics where major expansion possibilities are expected.

Two large companies which have an important stake in the plastics industry also deserve investors' attention—De La Rue and B.T.R. Industries. De La Rue, who are well known for their playing cards, banknote printing and Potterton boilers, also control Formica and in one recent year four-fifths of group profits came from this plastics offshoot. Formica have a reputation for their domestic decorative sheeting but also produce industrial laminates: in one recent year these industrial sales, mainly to electrical and electronic firms, totalled 200 acres, representing one-fifth of total production. Formica also make plastics extrusions and have important interests in Europe, most notably in France and Germany. B.T.R. Industries—formerly British Tyre and Rubber—carry out engineering in rubber and have recently been extending their plastics side. Plastics are important for the group's lining and covering divisions and for the general mechanical side, while the Microcell group was acquired in 1959. Recently, however, this side of the group has run into unexpected difficulties, and a statement earlier this year revealed that some newer products had taken longer to develop than had been expected.

One feature of the plastics industry, which intending investors should remember, is that the ratio of capital to output is high. This means that any change in demand tends to produce correspondingly wide fluctuations in profits. Secondly, future rates of growth may be very different for types of plastic. Unless investors have some technical knowledge of the industry they should, therefore, look for a company with a wide spread of interests in the industry or one whose plastics divisions are flanked by other industrial outlets. On these grounds De La Rue deserve consideration, for they are strongly entrenched in one important side of the plastics industry and have useful ancillary businesses. Their 10s. shares can now be bought to yield over 4 per cent. Of the established plastics companies, Bakelite emerge as one of the leaders in the industry while both Bakelite and Reichhold have the attraction of being supported by their American parent firms. These two companies shares yield about 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. respectively. There is always the possibility, however remote at present, of a further outbreak of take-over bids in the industry.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

From all accounts this year's vintage promises to be a good one in quality but poor in quantity in most wine districts. This is merely a general picture, of course, and there may be exceptions in some places. Also, speaking generally, the vintage is earlier than usual. In south-western France, near Perpignan, which is the southernmost wine region of France, picking of the grapes had started before the end of August. An early vintage is planned in the Bordelais, too, where expectations are for a small crop but very high quality wines. The early development of the grapes in warmer, sunnier weather helps to increase the sugar content, for the grapes mature in the most favourable weather conditions, when the days are longer with more hours of sunshine. The loss of quantity is due to severe conditions in the early summer, which caused widespread *coulure* (dropping of the flower). Another sign of the promise of good quality is the smallness of the individual grapes. This is always associated with good vintage years. Both Merlot and Cabernet grapes are smaller than average this year.

At St. Emilion the " Ban des Vendanges " is to be proclaimed on Sunday, September 10. Once this was probably the right of the feudal landlord; now it is exercised by the Jurade de St. Emilion, the ancient guild of the district's wine-growers. It signals the time when the grapes are in the most perfect condition for the picking to begin. I attended such a festive day there two years ago, and I am sorry I shall not be there this time. The celebrations start early in the

Grape harvesters at work near Perpignan in south-western France

morning with the initiation ceremony of the Jurade held in the rock-hewn underground ancient church. New members, wearing scarlet robes, are sworn-in by the light of flickering torches. From here they proceed through the old town to the church, where solemn mass is celebrated and the vines are blessed.

The more worldly part of the festivities is the banquet which is held in the cloisters of the old abbey. The last time I was there, this meal lasted over four hours and the setting and the food and wine made it a memorable occasion. The menu was *Saumon de l'Adour*, *Mignon de Bœuf Perigordine*, *Pintadeau sur Canapé Flambé*, *Vieil Armagnac*, *Champignons de St. Emilion Farcis*, *Plateau de Fromages*, *Bombe Glacée*, *Gaufrettes*, *Corbeille de Fruits*. And this was the crescendo of wines we drank: Château La Tour Martillac 1953; Château La Gaffelière-Naudes 1955; Château Beauséjour Dufau 1953; Château Cheval Blanc 1950; Château Ausone 1949; Champagne Perrier Jouet 1952, and Charles Heidsieck 1952. The day ended with the traditional proclamation from the top of the ancient watch-tower.

From the sublime to the . . . I hear that a firm is exporting water in bottles from Scotland to Belgium. From the Carron Valley the water is sent by sea to the Continent in tartan-labelled bottles. The first consignment of nearly 15,000 bottles is destined to be drunk with Scotch whisky in the best bars of Brussels. This seems a lot of trouble, especially when one considers that most whisky-drinkers take soda or ginger ale with their dram, and water is only for the purist minority.

Strangely, good, palatable water is not always as easy to come by as one would think, either for mixing with other drinks, drinking on its own, or making tea. Most public water supplies have to be treated chemically for reasons of hygiene, and this causes a lesser or greater adulteration of flavour. If you want really pure water for any purpose, I can recommend Malvern water bottled by Schweppes, which is outstanding for its purity. It was first mentioned in 1622, and in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century Great Malvern was known as a spa, the water of whose springs was recommended by doctors. Wholesomeness was its chief virtue. Schweppes have acquired one of the springs and this water is merely filtered. Apart from that it is still the natural, pure water, which keeps in bottle almost indefinitely.

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MOTORING

THE FUTURE OF MOTORING

A report on the motorways

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

I often think it is rather a waste of time to employ all those census enumerators and put them in their little roadside tents to count the traffic. If the roads are habitually congested they should be improved right away. Any bright lad in a borough surveyor's office would know how to set about it without wanting to learn anything about the personal habits of the motorists who are so infuriatingly held up by roads being too narrow, because there are traffic lights where there should be a roundabout, or because a one-way traffic system should be in force.

Still it is necessary from time to time, apart from the question of road improvements, to check on the increase in traffic density. We know how many licensed vehicles there are in Britain. We also need to know how they are being used, how frequently, and where. A census taken in August 1960 and just reported on by the Ministry of Transport tells us that main road motor traffic in England and Wales has increased by more than half in the past seven years and by more than a third in five years.

In the voluminous annual report of Britain's Road Research Board, some alarming predictions are made about the rate at which motor traffic is likely to increase over the next fifty years. From a total of 9,000,000 in 1960, say the Board, the vehicle population may increase as follows: 1970, 17,000,000; 1980, 25,000,000; 1990, 30,000,000; 2000, 34,000,000; 2010, 36,000,000. I find the prospect frightening. No wonder that at a traffic engineering conference in Washington experts have been discussing the prospects of electronic highways to provide safe travel up to speeds of 100 m.p.h. and on which—I quote—" the human drivers could relax, sleep and enjoy truly carefree motoring." That alarms me even more !

I still think it is more important to give existing main roads dual carriageways than to build motorways, vital though the latter are, but I want this week to praise the designers and builders of M1, Britain's first real motor road, the virtues of which we tend to take for granted. I have been most impressed by the way in which M1 has retained its initial smoothness and was interested to hear the results of test excavations carried out on two long stretches of the southbound slow lane. Experts say that following this check they are satisfied the fast lanes on M1 will not need general repairs for twenty years, though the life of the other two " slower," busier lanes will be shorter. A Road Research Laboratory official is quoted as cautiously saying: " The road surface is standing up to the strain reasonably well. Our experiments here will help to ensure that future motorways take the strain even better."

On the more general question of design, at the Washington road conference, to which I have referred already, there was ample confirmation of the wisdom of adopting the elevated roundabout type of motorway intersection instead of the cloverleaf pattern once popular in the U.S. and elsewhere. Experts admitted that the cloverleaf design was going out of fashion and that it has serious limitations, including, of course, the waste of land.

Talking of motorways: what a splendid road the Ross Spur is. I drove along this road—M50—for the first time recently while taking a new British car for a road test in the Welsh mountains and was most impressed. It runs through lovely scenery, and it is more interesting than M1 because the curves are sharper and more frequent and the bridges which span it are of more attractive and varied design than those on M1. What a pity it has only four traffic lanes! (Incidentally, I averaged 71 m.p.h. in that new British saloon along the twenty miles of M50.)

The new Renault 4, during trials in the Camargue in southern France. Details of the car appeared in last week's issue

While the French Government takes a belated interest in the hoary old question of a Channel tunnel or bridge, there is news of facilities next year by means of which holiday motorists will be able quickly and much more easily to reach southern Germany, Switzerland, Austria and northern Italy. I refer to the Air Transport Licensing Board's decision to grant air service licences to Channel Air Bridge for car ferry services from Southend to Basle and Geneva.

Subject to the approval of the Swiss Government, this subsidiary of British United Airways plan to operate up to five flights a week to Basle and Geneva next year with the new four-engined Carvairs, special conversions of a well-tried Douglas airliner which will have room for five or six cars, twenty-three passengers and a number of motorcycles. Channel Air Bridge claim that these new services will offer a time saving of eleven hours to Basle and fourteen to Geneva. It will probably cost between £7 and £25, according to size, to take a car on the new service to Basle; and between £8 10s. and £26 10s. on the other. Passenger fares will be about £30 return.

The precocious, functional-looking B.M.C. Minnies have become as familiar a part of the British scene as helmeted policemen, traffic lights, Teddy Boys and transistor radios. It needed no special insight to realise that a very large number have been built since the Austin Seven and Morris Mini-Minor were introduced towards the end of 1959; but all the same I was staggered to learn that by the time the B.M.C. factories shut for the annual holiday, close on a quarter of a million had been built.

That total includes the estate car, van and pick-up derivatives of the basic saloon. Minnie production has reached a peak of 4,000 a week and Sir Leonard Lord and Mr. George Harriman are planning to boost that figure to 8,000 with the help of the fine new assembly plant which will soon be producing Minnies like peas out of a pod. These cars are proving as successful overseas as at home, the four leading markets being Canada, U.S.A., South Africa and New Zealand. Sales will get another fillip when, later this month, B.M.C. announce a more powerful, disc-braked, de luxe version of the Austin-Morris twins.

Mr. Ernest Marples—who has just lost the services of his first-class Chief Information Officer, Bob Hoare, under a switch in the Civil Service—should lose no time in looking into the business of foreign cars being able to dodge the road-worthiness test for ten whole years after the date on which they are first registered in this country. Someone was killed in Cheshire the other day by a 1930 German car, first registered here in 1957, which had a useless hand-brake, a defective footbrake and a propeller shaft that needed attention. The jury at the inquest, quite rightly, were very outspoken about this dangerous loophole in the car test regulations.

Another view of the Renault 4. The small French runabout is designed with ease of access to the engine compartment, luggage space and passenger seats

Briefly. . . . The Vicar of Westhoughton, near Bolton in Lancashire, has formed " a motoring club for Christians " which, at its meetings, will have short readings from the Highway Code. . . . Esso have adopted distinctive colour schemes for their petrol pumps so that a motorist can easily identify those supplying the grade of petrol he wants. . . .

The Institute of Advanced Motorists, whose membership totals 28,000, now conducts tests in Northern Ireland. . . . Complete engines, five windscreens and two half-shafts for a 1927 Austin Seven were among the record number of replacement parts flown out by the R.A.C. to members stranded on the Continent this summer. . . .

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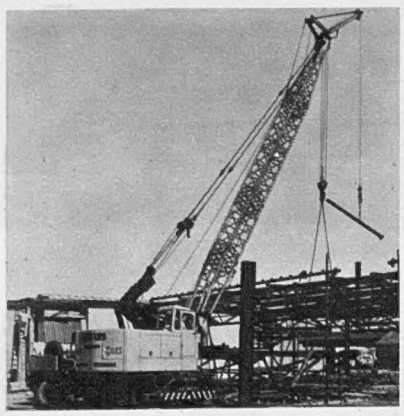

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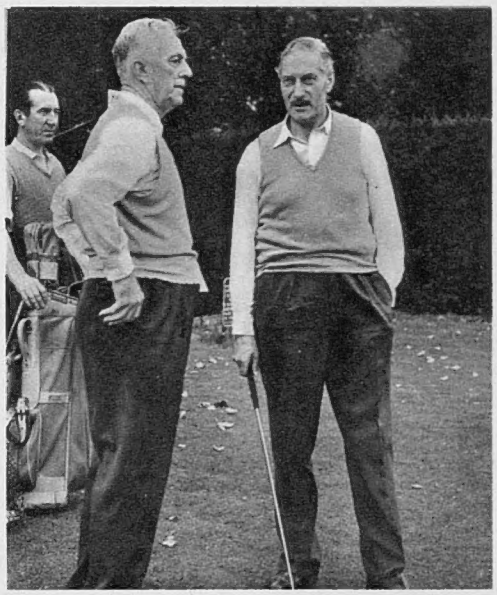
The chairman and directors of Illustrated Newspapers Limited seen with their guests outside the clubhouse at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond

"THE SPHERE" CUP

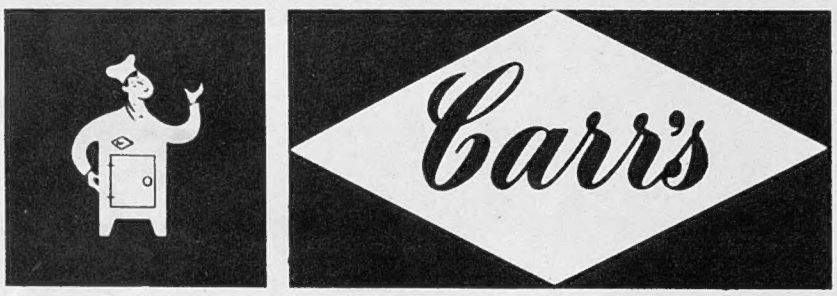
Competitions at Illustrated Newspapers' Annual Golf Meeting

The Illustrated Newspapers' annual invitation golf meeting was held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club last week. The sixty guests included members of leading advertising and industrial companies. In fine weather, the main attraction of the day was the medal competition for *The Sphere* Challenge Cup of eighteen holes under handicap. The winner of this event was Mr. Guy Barney with a net score of 65; the runner-up was Mr. N. Royds. Other events during the day included the Bogey Foursomes in which Messrs. P. Needham and D. J. Hayman were the winners.

Mr. N. Royds, runner-up, receives his prize



Mr. Angus C. S. Irwin, chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, presents *The Sphere* cup to Mr. W. G. Barney. **Centre:** Mr. C. Snelling, C.B.E., with Mr. K. P. Rush. **Right:** Mr. P. Broom, last year's *Sphere* cup winner, and Mr. A. C. L. Mills



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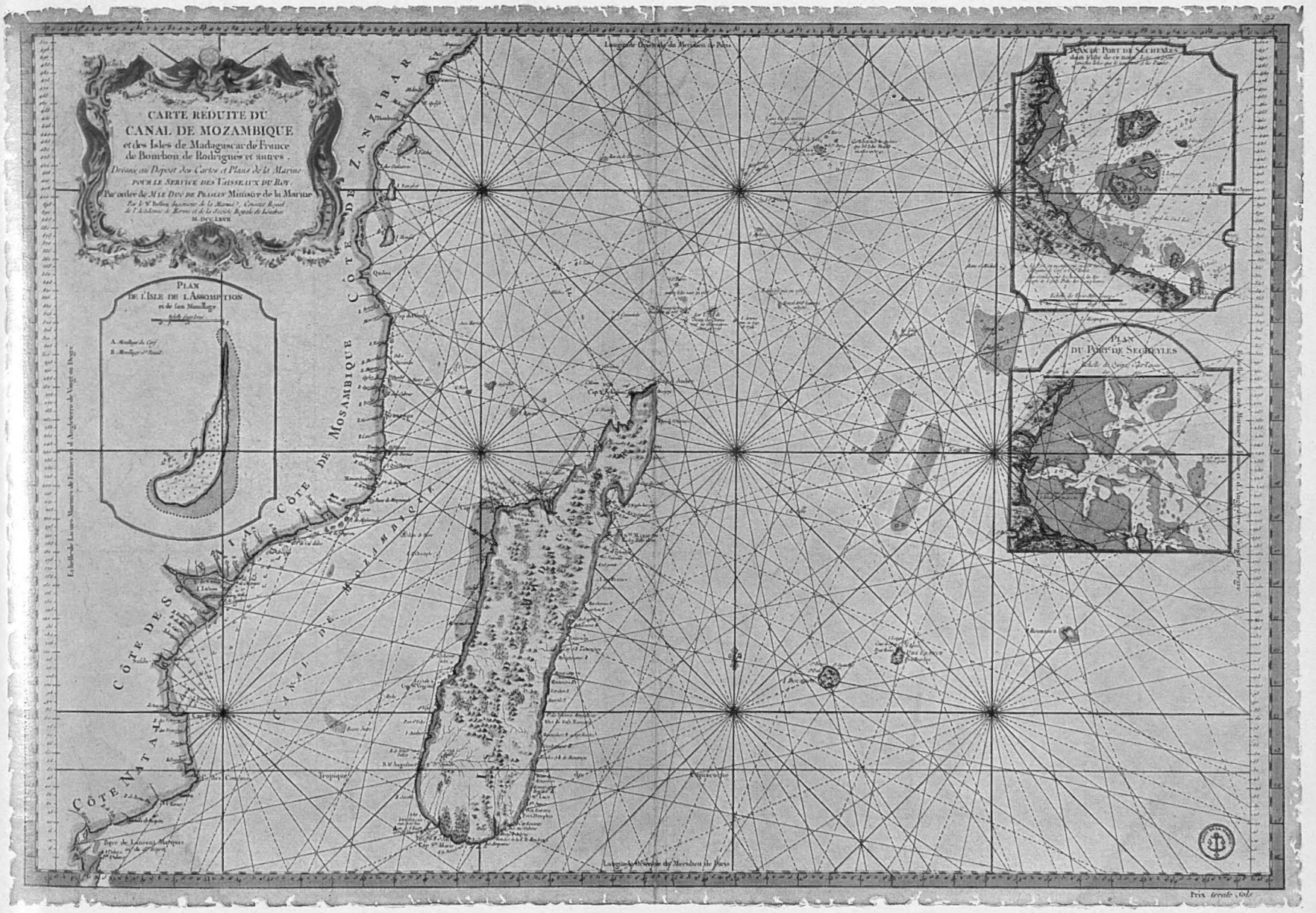
Ellerman Merchantmen still come and go on these well-sailed seas as they have done for the last seventy years. To the Cape and beyond. To Beira via the **Baye de Laurent Marques*. To India and the China Seas. Fetching and carrying. Sailing out of London and Liverpool according to schedule and delivering the goods five, six or maybe seven thousand miles away . . . on time. Exporting and importing . . . a two-way traffic. This is Ellerman Service. And it is world-wide, competent and competitive: when you need help in the carrying of merchandise on world trade routes, bear in mind that Ellerman Line ships and their facilities and incomparable experience are at your disposal.

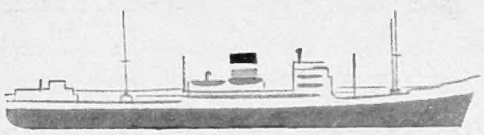
ELLERMAN LINES

Serve the trade routes of the world



ELLERMAN LINES SERVE THE WORLD'S TRAVELLERS

Two classes of Ellerman ships carry passengers with comfort and much luxury—the Ellerman Twelves and the 100 *class passenger vessels. These ships serve South and East Africa on regular services, and in addition, the Twelves frequently sail on the Indian and Australasian routes. For passenger enquiries please communicate with Ellerman Lines Passenger Office,* 29/34, *Cockspur Street, London, S.W.*1. *Tel.: Whitehall* 5372*: For freight enquiries please refer to Ellerman Lines Head Office,* 12/20, *Camomile Street, London, E.C.*3. *Tel.: Avenue* 4311.



* Referred to thus in this, the third in a series of reproductions of old maritime maps. It is a French chart *pour le Service Des Vaisseaux De Roy*, dated 1767, and bears the insignia of the Ministry of Marine. The decorative cartouche is exceptionally fine.

This is the gorgeous Queen of Spades redesigned by Player's. In the fortune-telling pack she means happiness throughout life in every way, and she is certainly well supplied with the right cigarette for the job. In the French pack she is said to be Pallas, goddess of war and wisdom, a real blue-stockinged battle-axe of a girl, and in another pack she was Elfrida from the wild land of Wales, look you. But ours is the happiest Queen of them all. She's got Player's.

A rose and a crown and a packet of Player's

The Queen of Spades has been sitting on the table in her dowdy old robe for so long that she has given up hope. But Player's have brightened her life, and given her a real new look, all black lace and sparklers. Also a glittering new crown on her gorgeous head, a fresh Rose of York in one little hand, and a packet of Player's in the other. Now when her King comes home, tired and trumped, she can turn his mind from affairs of State to affairs of pleasure, and like all the happiest families in the kingdom they can settle down to a smooth Player's cigarette. People who play cards play better for a good smoke. And even those who can't tell a Jack from a Knave will tell you that they just love Player's.

People love Player's

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